

# 죄 배 도

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없는

# 회귀

# Possessing Nothing

– 쥐뿔도 없는 회귀 –

- Part 1 -

-Author-

목마

## **- STORY -**

C-class mercenary. Started as a No Class, possessing nothing.

13 years of survival in the depths of the ditches.

I've managed to return to the beginning, but...

# Prologue

When one pondered over it, the circumstances surrounding human birth were indeed absurd and unfair.

One could be born holding a golden spoon.

Just because of their luck, they were created from the sperm of a loaded b\*stard. Just because they were lucky, they were conceived from the egg of a filthy rich b\*tch. Effort? It could only be called effort if wagging their tails faster than other sperms was considered to be an act of effort.

Others might be gifted with an extraordinary talent; one that could forge a clay spoon into a spoon crafted from gold if the chance to do so arose.

The inequity of human birth was the same in this world as well. One might be apt to walk down the path of martial arts, while another could be born with a flair for magic. The point being: disparities between the fellow people were distinct since birth.

Me?

I had absolutely nothing.

[The 'Stone of Past Life' has been activated.]

[The 'Stone of the Past Life' cannot be activated again.]

[You will return to the starting line from 13 years ago.]

# Chapter 1

## NO CLASS (1)

"You're from another world, aren't you?"

A passerby called out to a boy. The boy was standing in the middle of the street, gazing into thin air. It felt... familiar, if that was the accurate way to describe this feeling. It was almost as if he had missed it.

The boy blinked slowly before he realized that the passerby's words were directed at him.

"Wh, what?"

"Tsk, ts! I understand that you're flustered, but you need to remain alert and stay on your toes. otherworlders like you may be common here, but it doesn't mean that this city will be kind to the likes of you."

"...No way..."

Chaos reigned in his mind. The boy's attempt to search through his memories was in vain and it only resulted in the onslaught of a vicious headache. He dropped down, groaning loudly. The man was flustered by the boy's actions and offered his hand to him for support.

"What's wrong? Are you sick?"

"Ah, no. It's just a mild headache..." The boy answered while clutching his head with both hands. The memories that had previously been locked away flooded his mind like a tsunami. The boy gasped loudly. As he took in a deep breath, his body began to tremble.

"...Genavis?"

"Huh? What? I thought you were an otherworlder?"

The man's face was etched with bewilderment as the boy murmured a name, Genavis. The City of Beginnings. The city where the summoned otherworlders first arrived at.

“...What in the world happened to me?” The boy blankly stared down at his hands. They were... small. All the callouses that should have been built up on his palms were gone. No, it wasn't just that. His line of sight was lower than usual. Which meant... he had become shorter. The boy hastily raised his hands and rubbed his face all over.

His palms came into contact with nothing but soft, smooth skin; the scars that had covered his face were gone. He immediately threw his hands down and lifted up his shirt.

Nothing. No defined abs, no scars, nothing.

“...Are you sure you're alright?” The man looked genuinely concerned, since all he could see was a young boy who had been standing dumbly, suddenly stripping off his clothes.

“...What year is it right now?”

“What?”

“In the Erian calendar, what year is it?”

“...1103.”

The man answered tepidly. 1103 Eria. There was no doubt about it now. He had returned to the past.



Eria. He himself had no idea about what this bloody world was. However, this world had summoned various people from all dimensions - otherworlders - to itself. 13 years ago, Lee Sungmin was suddenly summoned to Eria without any reason.

NO CLASS.

13 years ago, when he was summoned as an otherworlder to the continent of Eria, that was the class bestowed upon him. No Class- in other words- meant that the host was a blank page; able to learn anything with a special growth bonus. In a way, it was quite a “fair” rule, since some had trained in martial arts long before they were

summoned to Eria, and others in magic.

But in reality, No Class possessed nothing. They hadn't trained themselves in martial arts nor did they study magic in the past. If they hadn't been summoned to Eria, then they would've been destined to live normal lives without an inkling of knowledge regarding the existence of such skills and techniques.

In short, No Class referred to the absolutely normal and mundane.

Before he returned to the past, Lee Sungmin survived for 13 years on Eria as a No Class. He didn't show any outstanding abilities, yet he proved that he wasn't one to be taken lightly.

Nevertheless, he died.

It was an insignificant death. Lee Sungmin mused as he leaned against the wall of an alleyway. Yes, it was a worthless death, that was certain. As long as you started as a No Class, your limits were clear as day; no matter how much of a blank page you were and possessing the ability to learn anything, how could you learn when there wasn't anything to learn in the first place?

Some people were summoned to Eria with full command over unrivaled martial techniques. Even more people started while possessing first-rate magical abilities. No Classes- without any learnt abilities to speak of- started at a fundamentally different level when compared to them. Even if they may have all started at Genavis, while Lee Sungmin, a No Class fought low-class monsters tooth and nail in a desperate attempt to not die, the others breezed by, slaughtering monsters left and right.

'...Stone of the Past Life.'

He racked his brain for any remnants of past memories. He was certain that he had heard such a phrase before he came to.

'No way.'

A memory flickered brightly. It was regarding a dungeon he had entered while shouting 'How lucky I am!'

Lee Sungmin had met his death in that very dungeon. The disappointment he felt



when he opened the first treasure box he encountered and found nothing but a small stone was still vivid.

Nothing had happened even when he tried using Appraisal. He had contemplated on chucking it, but decided to keep it and show it to a professional Appraiser later, hoping for a possibly different conclusion.

‘Stone of the Past Life... haha! I thought I was just an unlucky idiot, but I guess it turned out that I have some luck, after all.’

His memories were becoming clearer by the second. The Stone of the Past Life could not be activated again. That voice remained strikingly vivid in his memories. Which meant that him returning to this life was a stroke of luck; Fortune had smiled on him for the first and last time.

‘Statistics.’

Name: Lee Sungmin

Occupation: NO CLASS

Skill(s):

None.

Unsurprisingly the unrealistic expectations he had were shattered. He managed to return to Eria thirteen years in the past, but that was it. Neither did his occupation change, nor did he gain any skills.

‘No. What’s important is the fact that I came back to the past and survived death.’

He decided to look at it in a positive light. The fact that he didn’t die and returned to the past; that alone was enough. Lee Sungmin quickly pulled himself up.

Skills that he possessed from his past life? Nothing much, really. The idiots who commanded unparalleled martial arts skills rarely taught others. And, whatever Scrolls containing martial arts secrets that popped up once in a blue moon were far too expensive for Lee Sungmin; and that went for magic as well.

That being the case, the skills that Lee Sungmin was able to learn in his past life were all within the limits of his wallet. Second-rate, at best. They were skills that he had taught himself strenuously over the course of 13 years, surely, but he felt no regrets over their disappearance.



No, he actually preferred his current state as a renewed blank page without any learned skills. And, the 13 years worth of memories from Lee Sungmin's past life. Not all of them were clear, but he still remembered the events worth remembering.

"Hey. You alright?"

The man who had assisted Sungmin lie against a wall leaned over him. Sungmin lifted himself up and bowed slightly in reply. Genavis. Like the man said, this city was where all the otherworlders initially arrived, but it wasn't a kind city to the likes of them.

That was why Sungmin felt a sense of gratitude towards the man. Even though he was aware that Lee Sungmin was an otherworlder, he at least showed him a minimal amount of hospitality.

"I am alright."

"...That's good. Here you go. I brought you some water."

Smiling, the man handed over a water bottle, which Sungmin accepted with both hands.

"Thank you."

"No problem. People gotta help each other out. You're a No Class, right? I could tell when I saw you, you know. No Class... it'll be hard to adjust here. You'll be going through some tough times, that's for sure."

The man looked at Sungmin with pity; it was a common attitude towards No Class. As they were hopelessly unprepared, it would take a near miracle for a No Class to survive on this godforsaken continent of Eria.

"You're right." Sungmin murmured as he brought the bottle to his lips.

Lee Sungmin gave thanks for the intact memories of his past life. The 'experience' that Sungmin held would become a powerful weapon, especially for 'these kinds of moments'. There was a faint, fishy smell from the water that he would otherwise not have noticed, if not for his cautious stance. However, it was only suspicion, for now. He opened his lips to let a very small amount of water to slip past.

It cut sharply against the edge of his tongue. It was fine, though; as long as he didn't swallow, the poison would have no effect. Genavis, this city. It had gotten the best of me plenty of times 13 years ago.

"Pfft!" Lee Sungmin spat out the water he had been holding in his mouth at the man's face. The man, who had been eagerly waiting for Sungmin to drink up, made a startled noise. "Uwack!"

The otherworlders that make a sudden arrival in Genavis are easy prey for its residents, especially the No Class who have no skills to speak of. What if he had drank the water? His body would have been paralyzed. And then? He might have been sold to a dark magician or a slave trader.

It would not have been good, that's for sure.

"Wha, what are you doing?!"

"Same to you."

There was a lesson he had learned the hard way while leaving in Eria for 13 years. Never trust anyone readily. He's not saying that all the otherworlders who come from all kinds of dimensions are bad. But it definitely does not mean that they're all good.

This place is filled with idiots who aren't above stabbing others in the back for their profit.

The man was moaning painfully; the paralysis poison had gotten into his eyes. Nothing deadly, no, but it would be impossible for him to open his eyes anytime soon. Lee Sungmin rolled up his fists and ran full-force at the man.

Even though he possessed no skills, his past experiences made it possible for him to use his body aggressively. It was a pitiful thing, the body from 13 years back, virgin to any and all incidents, but Lee Sungmin had experience. He threw his fist at the man's neck, and with a dull thud, the man's jaws dropped. Sungmin then lifted his knee to strike the man's groin.

"Ahhhck!"

Although the strength of a kid was pretty feeble, one hit at a man's c\*ck was enough to bring him down. His balls might have exploded, but Sungmin couldn't care less. He followed up with a hard kick at the sprawled man's head.

Blood spurted out from the man's mouth. Sungmin kicked the man's head a few more times before stopping himself. He drank in breaths greedily; even this bit of exertion was straining in this body.

"What a f\*cking city." He spat, rummaging through the unconscious man's body finding a hidden dagger in his bosom and a wallet. It wasn't much, but it would do for the time being.

Hold on. Lee Sungmin pondered whether he should let the man live or not. The answer was obvious, of course. Things would become troublesome if ever should he come back for revenge.

The Lee Sungmin of 13 years ago was nowhere near familiar with 'murder'. The Lee Sungmin at that time was a normal 14-year-old middle schooler, whose only experience of killing consisted of things like ants, cockroaches, and flies.

That was the mental weakness that crippled most No Class.

But not Lee Sungmin. Sungmin drove the knife through the man's chest without hesitation, sticking it in between his ribs, stabbing his the heart. It was one less annoyance to look forward to.

## Chapter 2

### NO CLASS (2)

Lee Sungmin recalled the things that he could have achieved but didn't. Those memories of the past were clearly imprinted in his mind. What if he had another chance? The thought of having another chance spiraled on and on in his head ceaselessly. He had always longed for another chance at life due to his humble status as a No Class.

From what he could recall, there were three opportunities that could have changed his grim life in Genavis. Thanks to this, he could figure out the goals he had to accomplish.

What he needed to do was to acquire the Martial Skeleton.

Martial Skeleton was simply a physique which had a high aptitude towards practicing martial arts. In his past life, he had practiced martial skills. Due to his experience, he believed it would be in his best interests to learn it again.

The No Class usually had the ability to learn martial arts easily, but the speed would be accelerated with the addition of learning Martial Skeleton. It would help him gain an upper hand against his opponents in the competition later on with the help of the Martial Skeleton.

The requirements to learn it were simple: to not have any skills in possession. It was a simple requirement, but difficult to achieve.

Most would assume skills were difficult to obtain, but it was actually an easy feat. For example, if Lee Sungmin killed 3 people, he would get the "murder" skill.

The current him didn't possess any skills, so he was able to learn Martial Skeleton. He thought about his past as he walked down the road.

Found it.

He looked up at the old sign. 13 years ago, he came here as soon as he heard about

Martial Skeleton. He gave up all his money to undergo surgery, only to be rejected because he didn't meet the requirements.

The frustration he felt back then was immense.

"I have come to undergo surgery for my body."

There was no one in the hospital. He remembered that it was a new place. However, after a lucky No Class underwent surgery, people began to flood the hospital.

But, that lasted for only half a year. The hospital closed shortly after. A person who couldn't undergo surgery killed the surgeon.

"A body surgery...?"

An old man looked at Lee Sungmin in surprise. His shock was not unaccounted for, as the person in front of him appeared to be a small kid who wanted surgery. Furthermore, it was before surgery became well known.

"Yes."

"...Where did you learn about it?"

The old man muttered. He knew. The first person to undergo surgery got it coincidentally. Originally, he went to the hospital for his neck that was in pain. The doctor then asked him if he wanted to undergo surgery for free. Of course, he got loads of money after the surgery became well known.

"You can do it, right?"

The man asked. The old man was still surprised, but he nodded.

"...Hahaha... I didn't know this would happen, but there is money. It's the first time I'm doing this to a person. Then, the side effects..."

"I don't care."

There were no side effects. The old man slowly nodded as Lee Sungmin answered.

"But, kid, it's not easy to undergo surgery for the body. You... let's see. Are you a No

Class? No skills?"

"I'm a No Class and I have no skills."

He had asked why there was a need for this requirement 13 years ago.

Then, he heard it. Skills changed the state of one's body. Thus, the changed body would not be able to accept the surgery...

However, that restriction could not stop him now. He had no skills.

"Come here."

The old man locked the door and urged him inside.

"Take off your clothes and get on."

Lee Sungmin didn't hesitate. He understood how weak he truly was after he took off his clothes. There was no muscle on his body. It felt foreign to him as he didn't have the marks from his previous life.

It was the start of his new life. Lee Sungmin laid down. Getting the Martial Skeleton. He recalled the other chances he lost previously.

"It's going to hurt."

The old man held up a needle. Pain was easy to handle. He closed his eyes while smiling.

It was a surgery that had to hurt. It completely changed the body to another state. The transformation of his skeletal structure really hurt.

However, Lee Sungmin didn't scream at all as he endured the pain. Instead, he welcomed it. He was going to live a life different from the previous Lee Sungmin. He was still behind the others who possessed magic or martial arts, but he was better than other No Classes.

(Obtained the low class Martial Skeleton)

When the pain subsided, Lee Sungmin received a message in his head.

He checked his status and looked at the body he obtained.

Name: Lee Sungmin

Job: No Class

Skill:

Low Class Martial Skeleton.

-A body made for martial arts. It's not the best, but better than a normal person's.

"It's done."

The old man opened his mouth. Lee Sungmin stood up as he sighed.

A low class Martial Skeleton.

As it said, it wasn't the best Martial Skeleton, but it was good for a No Class.

In the first place, getting Martial Skeleton as a skill was hard to accomplish. Thinking about the fast growth of No Class coupled with the additional speed of learning martial arts that Martial Skeleton provided, a low class Martial Skeleton could give the host power tantamount to a medium-level skill.

"It worked. I didn't know it would work for a living person... Haha! I won't take any money from you. But, spread the word around."

He said while laughing. It would become a lucrative career after realising that the surgery was successful.

But, Sungmin knew about the event that would happen in the future. The surgeon died half a year later. He was killed by a man who couldn't get the surgery

However, he did not disclose this information to the old man. The old man wouldn't listen to a boy, anyways. He was only a 14 year old boy. There was no point in telling the old man nor persuading him to believe him...

Even if he didn't say it to others, there would be another person who will undergo surgery. The rumors would spread regardless...



What if he killed the man? Then, Genavis would no longer have a place to undergo surgery. He would be the only one possessing Martial Skeleton.

No. No. There was no reason to kill him. Lee Sungmin laughed bitterly. He wasn't so terrible a person that he'd kill a man who didn't even try to hurt him. Furthermore, the old man was his savior.

However, he still chose not tell the old man about his nearing death.

"Thank you."

He went out. His body hurt a bit, but he felt his body was getting lighter and lighter.

From this, he got the first chance that he wanted in Genavis. Martial Skeleton. Now, it was time for the second chance.

'I have to go to the bookstore.'

He had prepared his body with the Martial Skeleton. Now, he needed to enrich himself.

The current Lee Sungmin had the capability to enrich his body with power immediately. He remembered the second-class skills that he had 13 years ago. Just by memorizing the characters, he would gain their power.

The [Spiritual Energy] Cultivation Method was a technique that he learned before, but was always a skill that always held him back.

The way to get [Spiritual Energy] was through studying it and gaining knowledge about the skill. However, if he wanted to learn another skill, he would have to discard of all knowledge regarding the original skill to replace it or master the skill impeccably. Of course, not all skills had that restriction, but this one did

He had trained up to level eight in his previous life. He believed he could now surpass level eight with ease due to his experience with it.

He knew where to get the skill that could substitute this.

Genuine Heavens Cultivation Method.

It was a skill hidden away in a small bookstore. He found it a week after he arrived in

Genavis. When he realized its existence, he was raging with jealousy.

That skill was a first-class skill. It also took a shorter time to learn it. However, that was not the reason that it was so valued.

It was interchangeable. He could use the skill with another whenever he wanted to. The past him worked hard for 10 years to get to level 8, but if he got the Genuine Heavens, he could change into whatever better skill he found when he felt like it.

“I found it...!”

After an hour of searching, he finally found what he was looking for. It was the book. He knew it. It was the Genuine Heavens. The past him didn't know of its existence until it was too late.

But, he did now.

He could do it. The storekeeper did not know the true worth of the skillbook, thus he got it for an extremely cheap price.

He still had enough money afterwards due to the addition of the money belonging to the man he killed just now.

‘About one year from now?’

He caught 2 of the chances that he missed in his past life. He got Martial Skeleton and the Genuine Heavens.

The third chance would arrive in a year. He opened his wallet. 60,000 Erie. The cheapest hotel cost about 20,000 Erie. However, a person couldn't live by sleeping alone. It would cost at least 30,000 Erie a day when accounting for his meals.

Therefore, he only had money to last him for 2 days.

He needed to earn money.

# Chapter 3

## NO CLASS (3)

There were many ways to earn money in Eria. Naturally, the simplest way was to hunt 'monsters'.

There are two areas in this continent. The place where humans lived was the 'residential area' while the place where monsters lived was called the 'hunting grounds.' Of course, this was merely a simple categorization. There were various types of hunting grounds. For example, a dungeon.

Lee Sungmin judged his current state objectively. He had Martial Skeleton. He had gotten a Cultivation Method. But he didn't have a great amount of power as of yet. Martial Skeleton and Cultivation Methods only accelerated his growth and did not immediately bestow upon him power.

Therefore, he wouldn't have much success even if he went to the nearest hunting ground. The past Lee Sungmin would have wiped out the nearby hunting grounds, but... now, it wasn't possible.

'I only have experience. It's not too useful, either...'

The past him didn't have much power. He learned martial arts, and he learned many other things to survive. Even after all of his efforts, he barely reached the average qualifications of the otherworlders...

That was the limit of the No Class. Lucky No Classes with medicine or a master went up the ranks quickly, but he had neither in his past life.

Therefore, he needed all the help he could get this time.

Out of the many hotels, Lee Sungmin went to one that was of average quality. It wasn't great, but it was cheap.

"How long?"

The owner was a middle-aged man. He eyed Sungmin from his head to his toes and said.

“You don’t seem to have that much money... you’re a No Class, right?”

“Yes.”

“Tsk tsk, that’s bad. You don’t seem too old, either... You’re unlucky.”

The owner muttered. It was the word that he heard 13 years ago. It might just be a facade. After all, he was just betrayed by a “nice” guy.

“...I have money for only a day. But... if... it’s ok, can I pay with something other than money?”

“Hmm?”

“Like monsters... if you need anything, I’ll get it. Of course, I’ll give you money, too. As much as I can offer...”

“...mmm...”

The owner slurred his words. Sungmin was going to another place if the owner said no. Monsters were money to the residents as well as the otherworlders.

“...Well, sure. There’s always room. Ok. From tomorrow, give me a Goblin’s tooth or liquid.”

The owner laughed a bit and answered.

“Ah, don’t take it the other way. Goblin’s teeth and liquid does give money. You know?”

“Yes... a bit.”

People who buy these stuff were the armory guild and the magic guild. Maybe some from the soldier guild, too

As he wasn’t in a guild, he wouldn’t be able to sell them at its original price because of taxes. Thus, it was better to give them to the owner for a night’s stay, instead.

“Ah, and can I borrow a pen and paper?”

Lee Sungmin got a room that was relatively tidy, but had a peculiar smell to it. There was a public bath on the 1st floor as well.

For 20,000 Erie, the rate for staying per day was cheap for a hotel like this.

‘But, it’s far from the hunting grounds.’

This hotel was at located at the top of Genavis. The hunting grounds were located opposite to it. It would take about two hours to get to the grounds by foot. It would be a shorter trip if travelled on horseback, but that would cost money.

Therefore, there were barely any customers. The lack of customers worked out well for him. It was also a cheap place to stay.

He opened the notepad; he was going to organize his thoughts. He pondered for a long time before he began to write down all the opportunities that he missed in his past life.

‘One year. I have to stay for one year,’

He stayed here for 3 years in his past life. However, one year was sufficient for him in this life. Well, it wouldn’t even take one year. He needed only half a year to have enough power to graduate from this place.

But, there was a reason as to why he had to stay for one year.

The Colosseum.

A Colosseum was located at the center of the city. It was a place reserved for combat. A competition would be held every month, and most otherworlders entered to compete.

There was a huge prize for the winner. He was going after that prize in one year.

‘In one year, the prize is the Intelligence Potion.’

The No Class fight. Only No Classes could enter that fight. Usually, the prizes for such fights were measly, but there would be a great prize appearing in one year...

It was a medicine that would aid his inner strength. The prize alone was worth his lengthened stay here.

‘But, it won’t be easy.’

Not all No Classes were weak. From what he could recall, the person he went up against in his past life was rather strong.

‘There is only one chance. I have to get it this time.’

One year. Long, but short. In his past life... how did he spend his first day? He didn’t have anything. He slept by the backdoor of an alley. He was starving but unable to buy anything to eat. Sungmin bitterly smiled as he thought about his past experiences.

‘Compared to the past, I have a good start. I have money. I have a room. I have a bed... I can take a bath.’

He felt hungry. He had not consumed anything and his hands still reeked of blood.

But, he would wait. Sungmin opened the book that he bought. He was going to read it once. There was no need to memorize it for now. Just reading it would suffice.

(You have read the Genuine Heavens Cultivation Method)

(Would you like to learn the Genuine Heavens Cultivation Method?)

Yes. He spoke inside his head. PSH! A light emitted from his head. This was the reason why there was no need for memorization. If he just read it thoroughly, he could already learn it as a skill. It was the same for magic.

‘Magic... I would like to learn it if I had the time.’

The past him didn’t use magic. It was very different from martial arts. Martial Arts improved as much as he practiced. However, magic was different.

If he learned ‘fireball,’ then he could only use that spell. It was definitely less useful than strengthening the body. Its benefit might be better if he could learn various magic spells, but the past him didn’t have that chance. It cost money to become a member of a magic guild or field. Furthermore, the requirements to enter were extremely strict...

But, it was the same for martial arts as well. They wanted people who already possessed magic and martial arts prior to joining, the No Class who had nothing were harshly admonished.

There was an exchange between the students. If their birth location was different, then they would learn different skills. It applied to magic, as well. Thus, people would learn from one another. In Eria, that was how knowledge was shared.

But No Class... they had nothing. Nothing to give.

‘Whatever... I guess I’ll do it myself.’

Luckily, he could use the skills he learnt in his past life using his memory of it alone. He closed his eyes and recalled them.

[You remembered the One Thunder Cultivation Method]

[You remembered the Iron Skin Cultivation Method]

[You remembered the Rock Smash Cultivation Method]

[You remembered the Chase Soul Spear Technique]

Got it. His face revealed a joyful expression. Those were the four skills that he used in his past life.

‘Learning from memory... this is the first time I tried something like this.’

He sighed in relief. He knew that he could relearn skills using memory from what he learnt in his past life. If it was impossible to learn skills from memory, then otherworlder magicians wouldn’t be able to use them as skills or pass them on to others.

One Thunder Cultivation Method increased the user’s agility. The Iron Skin Cultivation Method and Rock Smash Cultivation Method made the host’s body as hard as steel. The Chase Soul Spear Technique was a skill that provided holistic aid to him.

He utilised spears and close combat in his past life. Spears... He smiled bitterly. The reason why he chose it was simple; it seemed safer to stab enemies from a distance. The close combat was used for close range combat when he couldn’t use weapons.



‘These aren’t the best, but at least it’s better than what I used in the past. I tried to use rocks to hunt.’

However, his aim wasn’t very accurate and often missed the monsters. When they hit the target, he would often run away from the enraged monsters, frightened.

Name: Lee Sungmin

Occupation: No Class

Skill:

Genuine Heavens Cultivation Method(1)

One Thunder Cultivation Method(1)

Iron Skin Cultivation Method(1)

Rock Smash Cultivation Method(1)

Chase Soul Spear Technique(1)

He made sure that the skills ended up on the screen and stood up. He was going to eat and wash up. He would sleep after learning Genuine Heavens a bit. Tomorrow, he would be able to get the items he needed.

He was going hunting.

# Chapter 4

## NO CLASS (4)

Lee Sungmin knew his limits.

He wasn't a genius possessing great skill and he wasn't a lucky kid. He didn't even have much experience from his past life. He only remembered big events, while small matters were negligible.

However, it was true that his current situation was far better than his previous one...

When morning approached, he exited the hotel. It was early in the morning and the owner was not present yet. Instead, in his place was a huge basket loaded with dry bread.

He ate a few in the hotel. The bread was dry and the taste was poor, but it was better than having an empty stomach. He ate a lot of it before leaving the hotel.

As soon as he went outside, he used the One Thunder. He had practiced the Genuine Heavens yesterday, but it still wasn't strong enough.

"...Phew!"

After using the skill for around five minutes, he reached his limit. He stopped running and took a deep breath. He could only maintain the skill for approximately five minutes and maybe ten if he slowed down his pace.

'So unfair.'

The prejudice that bothered him in the previous life held him captive again. Even with the low class Martial Skeleton and the fast growth of No Classes... that was his limit. He would improve if he practiced and studied hard for a year while hunting monsters, but how much could he actually achieve?

Sungmin knew the extent of this continent's partiality. It was especially evident in the city otherworlders first arrived at, Genavis.

During his stay in Genavis, there was a super rookie who took Genavis by storm in his past life.

The head of a small demonic cult.

No one knew why that amazing person was summoned to Genavis. He had enough power and skill to surpass Genavis even before his arrival. To him, power was easy to obtain and the Cultivation Methods that he used turned him into a super rookie.

It took Sungmin 3 years to graduate from Genavis. It took barely a week for the small head of the demonic cult to graduate.

Sungmin had never seen that person with his own eyes. However, in the course of his past life, he heard many things about him through the rumors. Well, there wasn't only one otherworlder that was similar like him.

Small Pegasus Wijihoyun. He often heard that title and name in his past life... From what he remembered... in one month, that person would be summoned to Genavis.

"What, do you have something you want?"

He had arrived at a store located in an alley. It was still early in the morning, but there were already many stores that were open for business, especially street vendors. A street vendor with a lot of weapons placed on the ground caught his attention.

"You're up and about so early in the morning and you're my first customer today. I'll sell them to you cheaply as good service, how's that?"

The owner smiled and said. Sungmin didn't answer and inspected the weapons meticulously.

"Are they used goods?"

"Of course. There are new weapons, but the used ones are cheap, obviously."

He answered. Sungmin raised his hands and asked.

"I can touch them, right?"

"As long as you don't run away with them."

The owner laughed loudly. Sungmin sat down and put his hands on the weapons. The one that he held up was a throwing dagger. The edge was sharp, but there was a bit of grime on the handle.

“An otherworlder used this. The owner... died. I got it from a goblin nest yesterday.”

Recovering weapons from dead otherworlders was a common occurrence. In his past life, he remembered looting items from others' corpses.

“How much is it?”

“I'll sell it for 3000 Erie. Well, a throwing dagger is just a consumable. Plus, I found it from the ground.”

It's not that expensive for a throwing knife. Maybe he could bargain. He raised his head and looked up at the owner.

“Can't you do it for 2000?”

“Hahahah! Are you gonna get rid of a third of the price?”

“I don't have much money...”

“Kid... you're a No Class, right? You look young... so, you're expecting me to pity you and give it to you for an even cheaper price?”

“I'd be glad if that was true.”

“You shameless kid!”

The owner laughed loudly again. However, he didn't look like he was mad.

“I like people who are self-aware about their own situation. What I mean is that I like people who do their best to survive by fighting.”

The owner said smilingly. He outstretched his hand and closed 3 fingers.

“I'll do it for 2000. Then... there are 3 more of those. If you buy them all, I'll sell for 5000.”

“I’ll buy it.”

Lee Sungmin smiled and said as he heard the owner speak. The owner laughed as he saw Lee Sungmin opening his wallet.

“You’re a strange kid. You’re putting your age and innocent-looking face to good use, you know that?”

“I don’t understand.”

“Well, it doesn’t matter. I think... you’re gonna become a regular here. If you come again, I’ll lower the price considering your situation.”

Was this an act of kindness? Lee Sungmin thanked him and bowed while wondering what the store owner was thinking. Was it to guarantee another regular or was it purely out of goodwill? He didn’t know.

“How much is that spear?”

He was pleased with getting three throwing knives that were originally 3000 Erie each for a total of 5000 Erie, but he needed weapons other than just throwing knives. He pointed at the spear that was lying on one corner of the floor.

“30,000.”

The owner said. Sungmin reached out and touched the handle. It was made of wood... and the end was a sharp piece of metal. It was 2 meters long; too long for his current height.

His age was 14. He wasn’t 160cm yet. If he grew like his past self, he was going to be 180 before 20 years.

‘2 meters... is a bit too long... ’

He didn’t have the strength to properly wield it, either. It was a bodily restriction. If he had experience, it would fine, but he didn’t have that much experience either.

But, if it was long, he could just cut it.

“...can’t it be cheaper?”

“I don’t think you can use it with your size? How about a sword. Well, martial artists say that swords are the best. I don’t know whether that is the truth.”

“I don’t know how to use it...”

“Well, does that mean you know how to use the spear?”

“You can just stab things with it.”

Even with that answer, he knew how difficult it was to wield a spear from his past life.

“Hahaha! I like that you’re simple-minded. Well, I’ll sell it for 20,000.”

He laughed loudly. 3 daggers, one spear, a belt for potions, and 5 potion bottles. He bought all of that for 30,000.

It was a really cheap price. Even if it was once used by dead people, there was no harm in using it right now. The belt would be especially useful. He adjusted the length of the belt to fit him as he bowed to the owner.

“Thank you.”

“No, it’s fine. I think you’re gonna become a regular here. The hardy ones live the longest.”

If only that was true... Lee Sungmin thought and bitterly laughed.

The world wasn’t that easy. He knew.

He knew the limits of experience. It might change by getting the Intelligence Potion, but it would be a year before he had a chance of getting it. He wasn’t even sure if he would win it.

It would take 2 hours to get to the hunting grounds. He needed to strengthen his body. The more he used the skills, the stronger they would become. The process was the same as forming muscles.

There were a lot of people on the door of the north side of the city. They were mostly otherworlders or merchants who sold them various items.

There was a reason why he didn't buy from that place. The merchants there tried to take advantage of people. As it was close to the hunting grounds, the otherworlders had no choice but to buy from there for the sake of convenience.

"People who want to go to the Goblin nest; come with me!"

"I'm looking for a companion from the volcano faction!"

"No one from the Reureu faction?! Someone with fire magic!"

Everyone was shouting out their own thoughts. People who looked for companions. People who looked for similar factions. People who looked for similar magic factions.

He didn't spare any of them a glance and went straight through the door. The first time he went to the grounds, he was in a party with other companions.

It wasn't the best experience. They were all No Classes with similar status. They had no experience with fighting monsters and its brutality. There were many casualties and he barely survived. It became a traumatic experience, and he had trouble going there for a week.

'It would be... nice to go with a companion.'

But, it was Genavis. And there were little companions that weren't No Class. If they went together, he would have to protect them.

That was something difficult for him to execute. Even with his past skills and experience, he only had level one skills. It was nothing.

How about a martial artist or a magical companion? He had thought about it, but there really was no chance of achieving that bearing fruit. They had no use for someone like Sungmin who couldn't even carry out one person's worth of help.

"Name?"

A guard asked him as he looked at Sungmin.

"Lee Sungmin."

"You have your ID?"



“I don’t...”

“Well, that’s fine. It doesn’t matter too much in this city... don’t die, kid.”

Ignoring the guard’s words, Lee Sungmin went outside.

He was met with an immense forest that covered the land as far as the eye could see.

# Chapter 5

## NO CLASS (5)

There were various species of monsters in the forest. There were monsters that could communicate in simple sentences and others that couldn't speak at all. For hunting purposes, the latter were easier to kill. They were the monsters that relied solely on instinct like giant rabbits and boars.

Ah. Of course, they weren't actually rabbits or boars- they just looked like them.

It was easier to hunt those. However, hunting monsters with a higher intellect reaped bigger rewards. Goblins and orcs may be hard to fight, but he would receive a lot of profit in return if the hunt succeeded.

The teeth of Goblins and Orcs were used as ingredients for various magical equipment. Their crude equipment would earn him money if he sold them to an armory. If he was lucky, he would be able to meet a monster carrying money, although that was a rare occurrence.

He needed to prepare himself. He sat down with the spear that he brought. He also took out a small dagger from his waist. It was the one he took from the man he had killed.

Lee Sungmin cut the spear to suit his height. It wasn't easy trying to cut a spear with a knife, but he sawed it carefully nonetheless. He lifted the cut spear and stood up.

One dagger, 3 throwing knives, one spear, and one club. It was better than the equipment that he had before. He didn't have enough money to afford equipment that offered protection, so he just had to make do with what he had.

'I only brought a club before...'

He was partying with 3 No Classes. It made him bitterly smile. It wasn't a great memory.

'Let's get the rabbit first'. He stood up and walked. He didn't try to fight goblins or orcs.

Orcs were stronger than humans and Goblins were usually in packs and used poison. Goblins were also smarter than orcs.

In comparison, rabbits were easy. They were slightly smaller than a medium sized monster. They only had basic attacks like headbutting and biting.

Even a No Class would be able to catch one with just a club.

In a short while, a small rabbit with white fur emerged from the grass. It was a young one. It was the best opponent for his current status.

The rabbit looked at Sungmin with red eyes. They were not violent creatures. If they weren't provoked, they would just eat grass and disappear without attacking anyone.

That made Sungmin become aggressive. He used the Chase Soul Spear Technique. It was a skill that increased his speed and made his body lighter. The skill's basic use was to lighten his body weight through the power from his feet.

His body charged forward quickly, faster than any 14 year old. Accelerating, Lee Sungmin stabbed the rabbit with the spear.

His left hand grabbed the body of the spear. It acted as a gun barrel. The spear went smoothly through the grip of his left hand. When the spear protruded far enough, his right hand pushed against the spear's handle.

Pwackkkkk! The rabbit's head fell on the end of the spear.

For this spear skill, only acceleration was needed. The body accelerated. The left hand acted as the gun barrel, and the spear became the bullet. The right hand acted as the hammer hitting on a nail.

It was hard to change his course of direction. It wouldn't work on an opponent that was able to dodge in time, but it worked fine for a rabbit.

'My hand hurts...!'

He wrinkled his forehead as he looked down. His left hand was red because of the abrasion from pushing the spear forward. His right hand was the same as well.

"I need to form callouses on my palm, first."

A 14 year old's skin was too fragile. He grumbled as he shook his hands.

There wasn't much he could earn from a rabbit. He didn't have that much inventory as well. Magic inventories were sold in Genavis, but they were so expensive that the current Lee Sungmin couldn't even dream of buying one. He didn't have a bag, either. Thus, all he wanted to do was to get a few Goblins.

Of course, that would be done only after he became familiar with the current state of his body. He caught a few rabbits while walking around.

He mused over a few things. He couldn't execute many spear skills and carry out a drawn out battle. He was so weak that he already got tired after thrusting the spear a few times.

'I don't have the strength. And, the stamina... I came back, but I can't believe I'm jealous of the past me.'

He grumbled. His hand was bleeding. He was hungry and thirsty. Tired after all he had done! He sighed as he came to terms with his dire situation.

But, he didn't have anything. If he had a bag, he would have gotten bread. Sighing, he used the Genuine Heavens. It wouldn't give as much experience as compared to seriously practicing, but he would still gain experience points as he was walking slowly and not moving his body around greatly.

He was getting closer to the goblin and the orc nests. He knew it was practically suicidal to try and go there, thus he stayed away from their habitat.

Remembering the layout of the forest was hard. However, he could remember a few things from his past life and relied on that information.

Looking at his surroundings while walking, he saw a tree with a symbol. It was a circle: a goblin symbol.

The term goblin is used generally, but not all goblins were of the same tribe. There were about 50 goblins in each tribe. They fought against each other in competitions. This... was the tribe that used the circle symbol.

He looked around and saw that there were only circles inscribed on the nearby trees. Noticing that, he moved to the edge of where all the circles were located. As he walked,

he ripped off a small section of his sleeve.

He cut his forearm. It wasn't a deep cut. As the blood dripped down slowly, he used the ripped piece of cloth to soak up the blood and threw the bloodied cloth into a bush. After putting down his spear, he began to roll on the ground. His body became covered in dirt.

Next, he peed near the brush. Using a weird pose to not get any urine on his pants, he walked around slowly as he peed in the nearby areas.

He finished doing everything. As he bandaged the wound with another ripped section of cloth from his shirt, he climbed a tree. It was rather difficult for his young body to carry out, so he needed to use some of his powers.

Atop a branch, he quieted his breathing and slowed his heartbeat. It was time to wait. Goblins who fought with others often scouted the area to scavenge for food and ensure there were no intruders in their territory.

It took around thirty minutes before goblins appeared. There were three of them wielding small knives and a long stick.

A poison needle.

A goblin's physical power wasn't great. However, they moved in packs and were intelligent and equipped themselves with poison.

It was a poison that took away the body's freedom but was not lethal. Right now, it would be hard for him to fight against 3 goblins alone. Thus, he would avoid fighting them directly.

The goblins smelled their surroundings. The scent of blood, urine, humans, and various other smells pervaded the area. They sniffled their noses as they walked closer to the bush. From where Sungmin hid, he could see the top of their heads easily.

Lee Sunmin took out the small throwing knife. Taking a few deep breaths, he used his power. Pwh! His dagger went straight down.

"Ackkk!"

The dagger landed on the back of the goblin's neck. Seeing that, Lee Sungmin

immediately threw the other daggers. All the daggers headed for their necks and landed accurately.

The branch he jumped off of was rather high, but the impact on his legs was lessened by using his power.

He pulled out his knife and swiped it against the goblins.

The three Goblins were dead. He pulled out the throwing knives embedded in their necks.

He began to loot their corpses. Their knives were sprinkled with blood. As it was dry, it seemed like the Goblins had killed something before coming here. Probably... a No Class. Lee Sungmin bitterly smiled as he took their knives.

Three knives, three poison needles and guns that shot them, and finally three bottles of poison. He was lucky. They had a wallet as they took it from the dead No Class.

There was 20,000 Erie in there. Lee Sungmin took everything that the Goblins had and ripped their necks off.

Using the 5 empty potion bottles, he filled them up with blood. He also pulled out their teeth one by one. Since he did not have a bag, he stuffed his spoils into his pocket.

It was the end of hunting for today.

# Chapter 6

## NO CLASS (6)

“...Hahaha!!”

Jack, the hotel owner, laughed. He looked at Lee Sungmin’s face, then at the things he brought, and laughed again.

“You really got all this by yourself?”

Teeth of goblins, 5 bottles of blood, poison, and others. The blow dart, poison needles, and bottles were his to keep. He thought that he may need it in the future.

Jack looked down at Sungmin and was lost in thought.

Goblins weren’t that hard of a monster to kill. It was annoying that they moved in packs, but goblins weren’t that bad when they were up against an experienced traveller. Going into the center of their territory may prove to be dangerous, but getting a few around the borders was easy.

However, it was a 14 year old who accomplished this. His surprise increased when he realized that the 14 year old was a No Class with no skills.

Jack ran a hotel, so he met a lot of otherworlders who arrived at Genavis. The people with martial arts or magic adapted easily.

However, a No Class was different. They had no skills to ensure their survival, nor did they have any experience with fighting against monsters. Most of the time, at least one month was needed for a No Class to adapt to life in Genavis and understand the situation they were put in and the need to kill monsters to survive.

“...When did... did you come here?”

“Yesterday.”

Lee Sungmin answered truthfully. Jack laughed again at that piece of information.

“You’re fourteen?”

“Yes.”

“You don’t... have any skills?”

“...yes.”

“HAHAHA!”

Jack laughed again. Jack was curious what he did before coming here, but he didn’t ask. It was an unsaid law that people shouldn’t ask about one’s life in the previous world.

“I’ll... pay you well. Haha, a strange child came rolling in. A No Class went and killed monsters in just a day...”

In all honesty, Jack didn’t think Sungmin would return alive. There were only a few people who could understand their situation relatively easily and kill some monsters to survive.

Usually, they didn’t come back. Even though they understood, fighting and winning against monsters was a hard thing to do.

However, this child came back.

“I’ll reduce the cost by half.”

Nothing is free. That was the law Jack abided.

“It’s good to have a relationship with such a talented child. If you survive long enough... Haha! You could become a high-ranked figure in Genavis in the future. Yes. Don’t forget about me then.”

Jack laughed loudly and tapped Sungmin’s arm. Sungmin laughed as well and went up to his room.

Lee Sungmin had many thoughts in his head as he went up the stairs.

You’ll be a regular.



A child with talent.

The store owner and Jack said that. In his past life, Sungmin never heard of things like that being said to him or being held up in such high regard. It was especially apparent in this place.

Genavis made the otherworlders understand how cruel and unfair this world was. He understood just by observing Jack and the store owner's attitude towards him.

Just having talent alone made it so much easier to get respect from others.

'Talent, something that I never had before.'

He sighed and entered his room. 13 years in Eria made it easy to understand his situation.

He never finished the cultivation methods that he studied for a decade and the other skills that he got. It would be easy to get back to that point in his previous life. Why that was possible is because that the skills that he achieved in his past life didn't have any 'enlightenment.'

The second class martial arts grew just by experience. Chase Soul Spear Technique was basically only a model. There would be no complete understanding. It was the same for all his skills.

[One Thunder] only had the basics, and [Iron Skin] and the [Stone Body] used external power. It required some inner strength, but those didn't have enlightenment either.

That was the difference between the first and the second class. The first class arts had enlightenment. If you were lucky, you could get the understanding and break the limit of the skills.

But not a second class skill. It was only a model and a figure, so there would be nothing to learn. The best it would be is to get close to the first class skills.

'I have no strength in my body right now. I don't have stamina or anything. If I get more stamina... the other skills except [Genuine Heavens] will grow fast. But it's still only a second level skill.'

That made Lee Sungmin very depressed. He needed the talent to overcome his limits.

But Lee Sungmin didn't have that talent. He didn't have the gift to turn nothing into something. So he had to rely on the arts with understanding.

But he had at least the Genuine Heavens. That was a first class art. If he studied enough... he might be able to succeed. The cultivation methods helps increase the limit of the inner strength. If he could learn the Genuine Heavens, it would be easier to learn more and use more of his inner strength.

Regardless, a cultivation method was still a cultivation method.

The limit was there.

'I have a chance. But... not yet. I need to get that Intelligence Potion.'

Sungmin breathed loudly as he took off his clothes. His body was slightly tired, but he dropped on the ground.

He was going to do pushups everyday.



He stayed at Jack's hotel, and went to the hunting grounds everyday. He used his skills as much as he could, bought from the store owner, Hans, and sold stuff to him as well.

He usually fought Goblins. He went and figured out where their boundaries were, and hunted those who roamed around.

He kept gathering blood and teeth. Since his room cost was halved, he had money left after selling the items. Lee Sungmin got the money from Jack.

"Do you have a interdimensional pocket?"

About 2 weeks since he came here, he went to Hans and asked. Hans yawned and looked at Sungmin.

"I have it."

The interdimensional pocket would be a necessity for traveller hunting. Having magic, that pocket could hold a lot of stuff even with a small volume.

“Well, all of them are used, and the magic isn’t that good either. Let’s see...”

Hans opened the bag right in front of him. Inside, there was darkness. That pocket was a interdimensional pocket.

His hand went inside the bag, as he searched, Hans pulled out a small pocket.

“It’s used. I found it in the woods. From a dead body. A large body size maybe? Are you gonna buy it?”

“How much?”

“60,000 Erie.”

Hans laughed. These were pretty expensive. The weight wasn’t felt at all, and since time didn’t flow, food could be stored as well. For a traveller, that was a key item.

“That’s expensive.”

“You want to bargain? I’ll cut it to 50,000.”

Hans laughed loudly and said. But Lee Sungmin shook his head.

He only had about 10,000 Erie. Even with running around the forest, he was buying things and using the hotel, so money was hard to get.

“Next time, I really don’t have any money.”

“You don't seem like... you want to bargain. Why'd you ask?”

“To me, you’re the best person who would sell me things for the cheapest price.”

He needed a interdimensional pocket. But not yet. So he wanted to see how much Hans would sell it for.

Hans had an expression that he got hit in the back of the head.

“...Hahaha! I’ve done this job for many years, but it’s the first time i’ve gotten this much trust from someone. Ok, let’s do this. I’ll test you.”

“...Yes?”

Lee Sungmin opened his eyes widely at the surprise words. Hans laughed and continued.

“If you kill 5 orcs and take their eyes, then I’ll give you this interdimensional pocket.”

At that, Lee Sungmin swallowed hard. It had been about 2 weeks since he first arrived, but he still hadn’t tried hunting orcs.

Orcs were harder to fight. They were strong and powerful. They weren’t as intelligent as goblins, but they had enough strength to overcome that intelligence.

“...When does that offer end?”

“Today.”

Hans said with mischievous face.

“It’s been two weeks or so right? You went to the hunting grounds immediately, and you survived. You have talent. Even though it was only rabbits and goblins... if you kill an orc, I’ll believe that you have that talent.

It wasn’t talent; it was experience. He thought that to himself, but he didn’t show it.

“Yes. I’ll accept it.”

Lee Sungmin nodded.

# Chapter 7

## Hunting and Spoils (1)

After he arrived at the entrance of the forest, Sungmin opened the huge bag he was carrying on his back. It was a bag that Jack, the owner of the inn, had given to him as a gift. Although the bag was just an ordinary item that wasn't enchanted with a dimensional pocket, it contained everything he needed on this trip.

'I didn't know I would come face-to-face against orcs so soon... '

He wasn't planning on stressing his body until he developed the necessary muscles required to fight. Sungmin's body was only that of a 14 year old, and he lacked the cultivation and stamina to fight orcs.

But now, his hands had calloused. He hadn't noticeably grown stronger after 2 weeks of strength training , but his body was more-or-less accustomed to utilizing his spear technique after days of vigorous exercise.

Second stage of the Genuine Heavens Cultivation Method. Second stage of the One Thunder Cultivation Method. Second stage of the Iron Skin Cultivation Method. Second stage of the Stone Body Cultivation Method. Fourth stage of the Chasing Soul Spear Technique.

These were Sungmin's current accomplishments in the various cultivation methods. His attainments in the Chasing Soul Spear Technique grew the fastest due to this past experiences, but he couldn't bring out its true force due to his lack of muscle development and internal energy. Because of his fragile body, his [Iron Skin] and [Stone Body] had barely progressed, and because of his lackluster cultivation using [One Thunder] proved to be difficult as well.

He wasn't prepared ; he was going to wait at least half a year before fighting the orcs. Sungmin knew from experience how quickly and unexpectedly death could befall on a person.

He knew because he died once. He didn't want to die again. Thus, he would thoroughly prepare himself for any possible dangers in this life. It would be a ridiculous joke if he

was to be slain by orcs.

‘But... This is a rare opportunity to acquire a dimensional pocket.’

This dimensional pocket worth around 600,000 Erie was something he couldn’t easily give up on.

‘There wouldn’t be a need to worry about my items breaking either’

Sungmin pulled out a glass bottle from his bag. After shaking it a few times, he uncorked the bottle.

A distinct scent permeated the air. Concocted using the poison from the goblins as the base, it was a poison that he created using other poisonous plants from the forest per his experience in his previous life.

This new solution had the same effect of paralyzing one’s opponent like the original goblin poison. But the main difference was in its potency and effectiveness. If the poison was injected into a living organism, it would completely paralyze their entire body in only five minutes.

‘It works on orcs.’

Sungmin knew this because of knowledge from his past life. During a period where he lacked strength, using tricks like these was the only way for him to survive. Feeling relieved that he knew a little bit about poisons, he started rubbing the poison onto his weapon.

Five throwing knives, one short sword and a spear that were all coated in poison.

With this, he was ready. Sungmin prepared himself for the worst and stood up.

He had already mapped out the general location of the territory of the orcs. Hunting small prey like goblins, rabbits and boars weren’t the only thing he was doing during the past 2 weeks. Gathering information could be as important as one’s flesh and blood.

‘I know their patrolling routine, but I still have to be careful.’

‘5 orcs. In my current state, they won’t be easy opponents. Wouldn’t it be easier if I had

a partner helping me out?’

It wasn’t that he did not think about this matter before.

‘But I would have to split the spoils.’

There was no guarantee that Hans would keep his mouth shut about the dimensional pocket. It would be easier to defeat five orcs with a partner, but that partner would then know about the dimensional pocket.

There were tens of hundreds of otherworlders that passed through this forest everyday. These otherworldlies would usually take caution to not bump into each other.

This was due to suspicion.

Sungmin was like that as well. Relationships? It sounded lovely. However, the reality was not so simple. There was no guarantee that his own kindness would be returned.

He couldn’t trust others. Especially when he didn’t have any strength right now.

“Whoosh!”

An orc was passing by. The mongrel had little equipment. He was wielding an axe with a rusted edge and did not don any armor. Only a piece of worn cloth that could not be called clothes was wrapped around his body. In other regions, there were orcs that possessed decent equipment, but the orcs of Genavis generally didn’t have any exemplary pieces of equipment.

But no matter what kind of equipment they had, orcs only amounted to existences who competed with mere goblins. They lacked the intelligence to pose any real threat and could only rely on their brute strength.

However, it was still dangerous to underestimate orcs. As much as they lacked intelligence they made up for with their sharper instincts and strength. Sungmin poured out the bait for the orcs like he did with the goblins.

He didn’t draw blood on himself like last time. Their sense of smell was more developed than goblins, so they might find him in the midst of his preparation.

An ambush. Sungmin chose that.

He might have prepared a trap if he had the time. Alas, time was a luxury he didn't have. There was little he could do with his current body, anyways.

After brainstorming various ideas, he decided an ambush was the best option. Sungmin swallowed his breath; he couldn't execute his attack from above.

Sungmin was ready to use the more potent version of the goblin poison along with the attacking needles. The problem was that he couldn't penetrate the leather cloth of the orcs by spitting the poison-needle from his mouth.

Because of that, the throwing knives wouldn't work either. He wasn't sure if he could penetrate the bastard's outer cloth even with imbuing his attacks with internal energy.

"Smell..... I can smell."

5 patrolling orcs. It matched with the information that Hans gave to him. Hans probably knew that Sungmin was going to hunt the patrolling orcs. Hans would scavenging for items from corpses in the forest and sell them for money. Figuring out the patrol patterns of goblins and orcs should be a cakewalk for him.

'Five... I want to split them up, but it's not that easy to do.'

The orcs bent over and started sniffing the air with their pudge noses. It was the place where Sungmin had peed on.

Now?

No. Not yet.

Sungmin was lying on the ground as if he were a crawler. He had covered his entire body with mud and dug a light indent on the ground to camouflage himself. Breathing was kept to a minimum. An intense glare hidden somewhere in his dirt-covered face was awaiting the perfect opportunity to strike.

"It's the scent of a human."

"Human... Where?"



“No body. No blood.”

The orcs were muttering among themselves.

It was now!

Sungmin threw the rock that he was clenching tightly in his fist into the air. The rock drew a curve and landed behind the orcs. Startled by the sudden sound, the orcs look behind them to see what it was.

As soon as their backs were facing him, sungmin bolted forward. He swallowed a huge gulp of breath, and brandished his short sword instead of the spear. Utilizing the [One Thunder technique], he ran towards the nearest orc and stabbed it in the back of its head.

“Shrook!”

The orc screamed. He had stabbed as hard as he could straining his wrists. The short sword was plunged into the head of the orc and blood splurged out, but it wasn’t a fatal wound. The blade was barely able to penetrate the leather cloth, losing most of its power after breaking through the unexpectedly tough resistance.

Without any hesitation, Sungmin let go out the short sword. He didn’t even try to pull it back. The poison... had already began to spread. The blade of the short sword that was coated with poison would spread through the orc’s entire body in a matter of minutes.

‘Four left’

“Human!”

“Kill!”

The orcs roared and charged forward together. Although they were bumbling onwards without any formation, their hideous visage and stocky bodies gave off an intimidating energy.

“Ha!”

Sungmin let out a deep breath out and pulled out two throwing knives. He began to

revolve [One Thunder] again. Pah! He dove sideways dodging the axe plunging towards his head and twisted his back.

Crash! One of his throwing knives hit its target and broke the skin of the shoulder of one orc. He wasn't aiming for a death blow; a small wound would be enough for his purposes. Leaving the knife buried, Sungmin quickly moved his body.

"You rat!"

An Orc screamed loudly and swung his axe in a wide arc. Even if an orc could not cultivate internal energy, their strength was beyond that of an adult human. If Sungmin was hit... his body wouldn't be cut in half; rather, his bones would be shattered into pieces. Sungmin wasn't able to block a blow of that calibre with his current physique.

'I can't get hit...!'

Desperation was starting to set in for Sungmin as there were still three orcs left. Any one of them could rip the body of a 14 year-old with their bare hands. Feeling the horror of the axe that flew past a few centimeters away from his chest, he immediately ducked and rolled on to the ground.

As he was rolling, Sungmin switched the knife from his left hand to his right and swiftly stood up before throwing it towards an orc.

"Krrgh!"

He did not utilize his internal energy in his throw. The orc seemed a little surprised but was able to block the flying knife by batting it away with his axe. This was enough of a distraction. Sungmin immediately pulled out his spear and prepared to risk his life on the line for this fight.

Wram!

Sungmin's spear was able to pierce through the orc's chest.

Blood spurted out from the orcs mouth. He attempted to pull out the spear with both of his hands but... Along with a terrible foreboding, the spear started to come loose. No, It was better for him to abandon the spea as the nearest orc roared and swung his axe down towards Sungmin head.

“Krugh!”

Lee Sungmin desperately hoisted the spear shaft up in an attempt to block the oncoming blow.

Crash!

The spear broke into two pieces.

“You son of a b\*tch!”

Sungmin cried out at the top of his lungs over the loss of his spear. Nonetheless, Sungmin was still attacking the orc as he was screaming.

The move Rising Soul Light from the Chasing Soul Spear Technique. The end of the spear would soar into the air to strike the enemy. Although half the spear was gone, Sungmin used the remaining end to thrust the shaft upwards like a sword.

The orc who was in a hurry to retreat was hit was grazed in the chin by Sungmin’s strike.

‘I already used the poison. It’s not enough!’

Most of the poison was smeared on the head of his spear that was already inside the other orc. Sungmin didn’t have enough poison on hand. Luckily for him, the blunt blow from the axe had caused the broken spear shaft to be jagged with wood spikes.

“Krugh!”

Summoning every last bit of his strength, he stabbed it straight through the orc's neck. It’s mouth flung open. One left.

Although Sungmin was tired, one orc wasn’t that difficult to handle. He looked around his surroundings while breathing heavily. The 4 orcs who were inflicted with the paralysis poison was lying on the ground twitching, and the one whose neck was penetrated with the shaft was already dead

“I’m... tired.”

Lee Sungmin spat onto the ground and muttered. It was stupid. It was stupid to fight

against multiple opponents that he wasn't completely ready for.

"...But still..."

A sense of accomplishment welled up within him. He was able to take on 5 orcs alone. This was something he never even dreamt about in his past 14 year old self. Sungmin contently grinned as he headed towards the orcs who were flinching.

To gouge their eyes out.

## Chapter 8

### Hunting and Spoils (2)

“It’s real.”

Hans requested it be done, but he truly didn’t expect Sungmin to succeed. He ordered a 14 year old boy to capture 5 orcs. Moreover, the boy wasn’t someone who had mastered martial arts, nor was he a person who had mastery in magic. He was a fourteen year old No Class.

Such a kid brought 10 orc eyeballs.

“I was about to die.”

Lee Sungmin looked terrible. He had become a dirty mess after the ambush. He was sweating and his face was smeared with dirt, permeating the air with the stench of blood and sweat.

“You didn’t just collect these from the ground, right?”

“How can I get orc eyeballs from the ground that easily.”

“You could have come across a corpse.”

“You just don’t want to give me what we promised, right?”

Lee Sungmin asked.

Hans laughed at that. After a bout of laughter, Hans shook his head.

“No, it’s a promise, so I’ll give it to you.”

Hans muttered as he pulled out the interdimensional pocket.

“Now, here’s the interdimensional pocket worth 600,000 Erie.”

Lee Sungmin grabbed the pocket from him with the speed of lightning. He smiled and shoved it into his pocket.

“Thank you!”

“Finally, you seem like a child when smiling.”

Hans laughed.

“What do you mean ‘seems like a child’? I am one.”

“What. It’s been about 2 weeks since I’ve gotten to know you... I’ve never seen a child like you. How do you have such a mature mentality?”

It was an accurate inference. Lee Sungmin puckered his lips and muttered.

“I think it’s normal.”

“Hahahaha!”

Hans laughed while holding onto his stomach. It was hard acting like a genuine kid. Sungmin thought that as he pulled out 5 axes.

“Buy these for me, please.”

“Hey, you shameless brat. Why would I buy this? The edge is chipped, and the weapon as a whole is about to break, too.”

“You can just retrieve the steel from it and buy that.”

“What kind of an idiot would buy steel that isn’t even clean?”

“But... I brought this heavy thing for you...”

“That’s your problem. I’m not buying this.”

Hans seemed to have some kindness in him so Sungmin had a go at attempting to sell the axes off, but it seemed like he didn’t have that much goodwill to buy trash. His shoulders drooped.

“Don’t do that.”

Hans grumbled.

“Would you consider becoming a mercenary?”

Hans suddenly asked.

“A mercenary?”

“Yeah.”

Mercenary. Lee Sungmin knew about them. In his past life, he belonged to a mercenary guild.

It was one of the easiest jobs that a No Class could get. There were many merits in becoming one. The guild would take commissions, but it would be easier to trade items through mercenary guilds, and it would be easier to arrive in most cities with a mercenary ID.

It was easy to get ‘jobs’, too. There was usually at least one in every city. The jobs assigned to mercenaries were different, but they would still be able to carry out jobs to earn money and recognition.

“...I don’t have any plans yet.”

Lee Sungmin shook his head.

His past self was a C-rank mercenary. It wasn’t the best. Most of the mercenaries were ranked C.

C rank. That was essentially the limit of a No Class. Perhaps, if he had come across fortuitous opportunities, he might have reached a rank higher than that, but it was impossible for the average No Class- such as himself.

‘I would be a F-rank mercenary if I signed up now.’

The lowest ranking was G. Previously, he started from G-rank and made it up to C-rank. The mercenaries within the same rank also had great disparity in strength between one another. To say there were different levels of strength such as C+, C, and

C-, he was a mere C.

He already knew the process of becoming one and knew that there wouldn't be much benefits in joining. Though it was simple to enter the guild, rising up in ranks was far more difficult. Dropping in ranks, however, was an easy matter. Just a few botched missions would cause a person to drop down by one rank.

It would be better to conserve his energy for the time being and sign up later on. Starting out as a D-ranker would put him in a better situation as compared to starting as a G-ranker. His aim was to qualify to be a D-ranker. He had no plans on entering the guild till then.

"Hm, if you don't want to, then it's fine"

Hans muttered.

"But, becoming a mercenary isn't that bad. A lot of benefits come along in doing so."

"I suppose."

He already knew about said benefits. The stench of battle still clung to his body distracting him.

"Um, can I leave?"

"Leaving once you've finished your business with me. You uncharming boy."

"Do you enjoy getting charm from a boy?"

"No. Leave."

Hans waved his hands. Sungmin bowed and grabbed his bag from the ground. Then, he moved away from Hans.

"Hey! Take your trash!"

Hans yelled at him, but he ignored it.





“Hey, you stink.”

He heard such a remark once he returned to the inn.

A girl with fair cheeks looked at Sungmin and held her head. He knew that he stunk, so he didn't react to it.

“I know.”

“You, you talked disrespectfully to me again!”

The girl said in a sharp tone. Her name was Lula she was Jack's daughter.

“Our difference in age is only by one year. It's funny to have to call a person just a year older than you your older sister.”

“What's funny about that? You're still younger than me.”

“You should act more mature before people address you as their older sister.”

Lee Sungmin put down his bag. Lula was 15; she was older than him by a year.

However, he had no intentions on addressing her as his older sister. He looked to be 14 years of age, but he was actually a 27 year old man. Referring to a 15 year old girl that way was something Sungmin could not bear to do.

“What about Jack?”

“He's in the kitchen. The meal today is mushroom stew and chicken. It should be delicious, right?”

Lula said laughingly. Jack's cooking was exemplary. If Sungmin had to pick out two things that he liked the most, it would be the increase in speed of his cultivation methods and Jack's culinary skills.

He couldn't eat a proper breakfast as he left the inn early in the morning. Therefore, his breakfast comprised of mainly hard bread. His lunch was comprised of just bread, too.

“What did you eat for breakfast?”

“Bread, fried eggs and potatoes.”

“It probably tasted great.”

“Dad’s good at cooking. You should leave a bit later so you can eat breakfast together with us.”

Sitting on the table, she grumbled as she swung her legs. Sungmin smiled bitterly at that.

There was a reason why he had to leave so early. In the morning, there were fewer people. Usually, the forest would be crowded with Otherworlders later on during the day. If he were to come across another person in the forest annoying issues might arise.

Instead of having to deal with the possibility of encountering matters like that, it was better to leave early with some hard bread.

‘However, I’ll be able to hunt with ease tomorrow.’

With the help of the interdimensional pocket, it would be convenient to bring more food along with him. He didn’t bring milk before- for fear of it spoiling midway- but he would be able to bring some in the future by using the interdimensional pocket.

Milk was important. He was currently growing. If he didn’t maintain a balanced diet, he might not grow to be as tall as his previous self.

“Why do you fight in the forest everyday? You always return with a stench on you.”

She asked. She was probably bored, hence the smalltalk. There weren’t many customers in the inn as it was located far away from the forest, and the customers who visited were usually Jack’s regulars who just wanted to have a meal.

Of course, there would not be anyone near Lula’s age. Lee Sungmin was a friend that she did not have since a long time ago.

“I’m an Otherworlder. I need to hunt monsters to earn money.”

“Do you think I’m stupid? Otherworlders don’t have to hunt. They can just get a job and work!”

Lula retorted. He could only smile bitterly in response.

Lula was right. There were easier ways to live in Eria. Becoming a mercenary and hunting monsters like Lee Sungmin did in his past life was just one of the various methods for survival.

Usually, the Otherworlders who had no power would get jobs.

“How about working at our inn? I think my dad likes you.”

“I don’t know how to cook or clean.”

That was a lie. He knew how to do such things. It was the first task the mercenary guild made him do after his registration.

However, he didn’t want to. He didn’t want to waste his precious return to the past by engaging in menial tasks such as hard labour.

“But, what if you die?”

“I’ll try not to.”

“Easier said than done, is it not?”

“Of course I know that. I almost died today.”

“I don’t get it. Isn’t it better to work at a inn than to put your life at risk?”

Lula grumbled. She might be right. Lee Sungmin knew from experience that what he planned to do might just be a stupid aspiration.

“Call me when it’s dinnertime.”

He said as he climbed up the stairs.

He knew that the outcome may be bleak, but he wanted to start all over again.

A life better than before.

# Chapter 9

## Wijihoyun (1)

Small Pegasus Wijihoyun.

It was a name that Sungmin had heard of many times in his past life. He was summoned around the same time as Sungmin, but he had left Genavis before Sungmin.

Sungmin didn't know what Wijihoyun did after he left Genavis. He heard some rumors, but he only had a few small fragments of memories about him.

But he did know one thing. Wijihoyun survived for a time in Eria before he died, and he gained quite a reputation as well. There were many martial artists that came from sects. However, Wijihoyun wasn't one of them.

Even so, the nickname Small Pegasus stuck in the minds of many people. Within 13 short years, Wijihoyun climbed from a rookie to the very apex during the time Sungmin was climbing from the G rank to the C rank.

While Sungmin had heard about Wijihoyun, he had never met the guy in person. Genavis was a large city. There was a good chance that they lived in different parts of the city. Despite the fact that Sungmin arrived there a month before Wijihoyun, Wijihoyun was already at a higher point than Sungmin was back then.

During that same 14-year-period, Lee Sungmin moved at the pace of a snail, maybe even slower, but even after that much time, he was barely at the point where Wijihoyun was when Wijihoyun arrived.

Sungmin didn't even bother to compare himself to him and think about his own inferiority. There were way too many differences between them. Wijihoyun was just on a completely different league from Sungmin.

But that didn't stop him from being curious.

It was a capricious curiosity. He wanted to see the figure of the one that towered so highly above him. Despite his usual routine of heading into the forest, Sungmin

decided to check Wijihoyun out this time around instead.

“Aren’t you going to the forest today?” Jack asked as he raised his head to look at Sungmin.

It was already 11am when Lee Sungmin got down the stairs. Ever since a month ago when Sungmin arrived at this inn, he had gone to the forest everyday.

“No, just for today I wanted to rest.”

“That’s surprising. You wouldn’t rest even when Lula told you to,” Jack said before he laughed. “If you’re not going to the forest, then are you going to be in your room today?”

“No, I’m going to be outside for a bit.”

Lee Sungmin used [One Thunder] to run towards the central plaza of Genavis. Since he had practiced for a month using [One Thunder], his mastery over the techniques was improving.

There was no distinct frequency with which otherworlders were summoned. It could be one each day, one every few days, or maybe one in a month.

But there was a thing that didn’t change. They were always summoned to the central plaza of Genavis at 12 noon. He was summoned a month ago at that very spot as well.

‘How does he look like?’ Lee Sungmin wondered as he gulped. As 12 o’clock approached, the bell would definitely ring. Lee Sungmin sat down at the fountain and sighed.

Longing.

The name Wijihoyun was a name that made him jealous. Most otherworlders were like that. Especially those having a hard time in this world. Sungmin felt the same like the rest of the No Classes.

The longing was probably what sparked his desire to see Wijihoyun.

Dang. Dang. Dang.

The bell rung. It was time. He swallowed and looked at the center of the plaza.

Despite there being no one there a few moments ago, a boy could be seen standing on the plaza.

He wore a black shaman outfit which hinted at his origins. Sungmin swallowed and looked closely at the boy.

The boy stood there for a second and looked around. He must be confused. It was obvious. The summoning was too sudden. There was no explanation to the Otherworlders about what happened.

The boys opened his mouth after blinking a few times. He was saying something, but Sungmin couldn't hear it because of the distance.

Wijihoyun. He was... younger than what Sungmin imagined. He seemed to be younger than Sungmin.

'How old was Wijihoyun...?'

He didn't know. While he had heard of his strength and power, he never learned about his age or appearance.

As the seconds ticked by, Lee Sungmin sat on the fountain and stared at Wijihoyun. Wijihoyun only looked around but didn't do anything. The people around only glanced at him as well but didn't say anything. To the citizens of Genavis, the summonings were but common occurrences and it wasn't something to be surprised of.

'I... wanted to see something... fiercer.'

Looking at Wijihoyun, Lee Sungmin was disappointed. Hearing his name many times in his past life, Sungmin thought that Wijihoyun would be extraordinary from the beginning, but surprising, Wijihoyun didn't seem to look anything special.

'Well, I guess it's all the same getting summoned,' thought Lee Sungmin as he stood up. After seeing the famed person that would take Eria by storm in person, Sungmin was happy enough. They would have no connection anymore. Now, Wijihoyun would go on to spread his name around Eria.

As for himself? He would be trying to work for a better life. Sungmin felt bitter as he

turned around.

“Hey.”

Before Sungmin had taken a step, he froze after hearing the voice behind calling out to him.

“Why were you looking at me?”

It was the voice of a young kid. A voice that hasn't gone through puberty. Sungmin turned around with a stiff expression.

Wijihoyun was standing behind him. His height... was similar to his own. Lee Sungmin was looking at Wijihoyun's face. Unlike a kid, Wijihoyun clasped his hands behind his back., making a serious face.

“Answer me. Why were you looking at me?”

Wijihoyun asked again. Having been completely unable to predict that this would happen, Lee Sungmin was speechless. After that, Wijihoyun's eyebrows frowned.

“Why are you so surprised? You look like you've seen a ghost.”

“Ah... that... that is...”

“Just answer me. Why were you looking at me?”

Wijihoyun asked again. Now, he couldn't stay silent anymore. Sungmin stammered back.

“That... that is. I was surprised by your sudden summoning...”

“Summoning?”

Wijihoyun reacted to that word.

“You must know something about this. What does it mean being summoned? Where am I? I was studying in my room... why am I here? Where is this place?”

Wijihoyun rapidly asked. Looking at Wijihoyun's eyes, Sungmin felt that it was eye of



someone who wasn't suspicious of his answers at all.

'I definitely didn't see this coming...'

Even though Sungmin was surprised, he tried to answer calmly. First, there was no reason to lie to him. Even so, he couldn't answer why he looked at Wijihoyun in the first place.

"Um... that..."

His story began. He explained the things that he knew to Wijihoyun, including where they were, and why he was summoned here.

Wijihoyun listened closely without asking any questions.

"Suprising."

As his story ended, Wijihoyun said with an emotionless face. Even though he expressed his surprise, his face showed no emotion at all.

'What is with this guy?'

Now Lee Sungmin was surprised. What was with that kid? He wasn't old and probably didn't have that much experience. No, those things don't really matter in Eria's summoning. People are just there after a blink of an eye. What kind of a crazy guy just says 'Ah---' and accepts it right away?

"...you understand me?"

"If you said that somewhere else, I would not have believed you. But now, I can see the evidence with my own eyes."

Wijihoyun answered like it was nothing. He then pointed at the citizens of Genavis.

"Outsiders. These aren't people that you would usually see. But in this place... there are a lot of outsiders. Most of the people are outsiders. The black-eyed, dark-haired you and me seem like another planet's citizens."

He muttered as he turned to point at the buildings.

“The buildings are like that too. I’ve never seen those types of buildings before. Yes... I see. This is a world called ‘Eria.’

He nodded his head.

“And this status screen. I see. I’ve only thought about it. Hmm. My name is Wijihoyun... and my job is a martial artist? Haha! That’s funny.”

Wijihoyun laughed.

“The skill screen... it’s filling up. I see. Now that I’ve seen these things, how can I doubt you?”

“Ah... yes...”

It was different, no, maybe it was a difference of adaptability? Regardless, it was completely different from Lee Sungmin’s reaction to Genavis. Lee Sungmin cried after he understood. He only wanted to leave back then. To go back home.

But Wijihoyun merely laughed.

“You, what’s your name?”

Wijihoyun asked.

“...Lee Sungmin.”

“Age?”

“Fourteen.”

“I’m Wijihoyun. My age is 13.”

He was a year younger. Lee Sungmin opened his mouth and looked at him.

“I’ve heard a nice story. This world... Eria. You need to hunt creatures called monsters? Good. haha. I was becoming bored of my training. That’s good.”

Wijihoyun laughed. Lee Sungmin looked at his face with a strange look, and Wijihoyun tapped on Sungmin’s shoulders.

“So, let’s go.”

“...yes? Where?”

“Hm. I need to say these things first.”

Wijihoyun grumbled in a small voice and put down his hands and clasped his hands behind his back.

“I was born as a vice head of a sect and was praised by everyone. But there are no sects in Eria. So that means, I’m not a vice head and only just a regular human.”

It was not something that a 13 year old would say.

“I’m only a human in this world. So, now from this day forth, you are my friend.”

Wijihoyun said with a serious expression. Lee Sungmin didn’t understand how Wijihoyun could become a regular human just because there was no cult in this world.

No. He could understand it somewhat. But a friend? What did that have anything to do with it?

“...Uh... why am I becoming friends with you...?”

“...Hmm? I don’t understand. If we’re of the same age, aren’t we friends? And this meeting with you and me brought us together. Isn’t it obvious that we’re friends?”

Wijihoyun tilted his head and asked. Lee Sungmin couldn’t say anything in response.

But he knew one thing. He knew what kind of a kid Wijihoyun was.

Wijihoyun had a flaw in his communication skills.

“Ah... yes. Of course. Friends... friends.”

“Yes. So we are friends now. So why are you so nervous and polite? We’re friends now.”

“Ah... Ok. Sure...”

Lee Sungmin answered with a ghastly face.

He, a 27-year-old, just became friends with a 13-year-old kid.

# Chapter 10

## Wijihoyun (2)

With Sungmin in the front, heading towards the north side of the wall, he thought about the situation.

Small Pegasus Wijihoyun. The person who would spread his name around... He was now a 'friend' with him. He wasn't sure how much Wijihoyun valued this relationship, but a situation like this didn't happen to him in his past life.

'Friend... friend...'

Thinking about that word made Sungmin a bit bitter. In his past life, there was no one that he could really call a friend. Living 13 years as a No Class only made him bitter towards humans.

Instead of trusting other No Classes in the same situation, they mostly fought each other to try and take what they had. Humans were like that. They can't leave people who are doing better than them. Humans were such selfish animals.

The past Lee Sungmin never had anything great. However, even those were stolen by others. Therefore, Sungmin didn't have much of a positive light on the word 'friend.'

"You said you practiced martial arts."

Wijihoyun who was behind him asked...

"Yes... no. Yeah."

He didn't want to be polite, but it seemed so strange to Sungmin. The nickname Small Pegasus kept swirling in his mind.

"Then why are you not using any speed techniques?"

Sungmin looked back his words. Wijihoyun had a bit of a surprised face. Well, yeah, if he used that, his speed would be much faster. He would be at the destination at many

times the speed.

“That is... I’m not strong enough yet.”

He bitterly smiled back at him. He practiced martial arts. He already told him that looking around at a bookstore, he learned a few skills. But to Wijihoyun who didn’t know much about this world, he probably didn’t understand Sungmin’s situation.

“Ah, I forgot. You aren’t a martial artist.”

Wijihoyun nodded his head.

“It’s been about a month now? Since you didn’t have any potions... it’s very possible for you to not have much power.”

Was this Wijihoyun making fun of him? It was like the feeling of someone stabbing him.

“How about you at least try it?”

Wijihoyun asked. Lee Sungmin hesitated and nodded. And then he used the [One Thunder]

From his stance, he could only use it for about 10 minutes. He was going to save a bit of power to use at the hunting grounds, but...

Now he used up all his power on the [One Thunder]

“...HA! Ha!”

Seeing the end of his power, Sungmin stopped his running. And then he put his hands on his knees and breathed hard. He was sweating hard, and his legs hurt. His head was dizzy

“Hmmm.”

Sungmin looked forward. Unlike the sweating Sungmin, Wijihoyun didn’t look tired at all. In fact, he was a few steps ahead of Sungmin.

“It’s not a really good skill.”

Wijihoyun criticizes. Hearing that, Sungmin's chest was filled with anger.

'Of course, idiot. [One Thunder] is barely a second rate technique.'

He couldn't fill that with his power either. Sungmin raised his body. His head was still dizzy.

"If this was the cult, I would have given you a potion."

Wijihoyun muttered and went to Sungmin. How good would it have been if he was revived at a demonic cult. Sungmin thought of that as he looked at Wijihoyun. Of course it was just a thought. He wouldn't be friends with Wijihoyun if he was truly revived there.

"Give me your hand."

Lee Sungmin put his hands forwards. Wijihoyun touched Sungmin's wrist, and blew some power into his body. His body suddenly felt refreshed.

"You don't have much power. Was it the [Genuine Heavens]? It must be a Taoist cultivation method. This... isn't that good either."

"...Ugh"

This b\*tch! Sungmin cursed in his mind. Wijihoyun may have said that with no ill feelings, but to Sungmin, it felt like an insult.

"The Taoist's cultivation methods were slow but steady... It's something that many people say."

Wijihoyun muttered and let go of his head. Sungmin had an annoyed face as he said.

"Thanks."

"It's nothing really. No need for thanks."

Wijihoyun smiled heartily and said.

"Is the city wall over there?"

Using speed techniques did help him get to the city wall quicker. Wijihoyun pointed to the door over there. Sungmin nodded.

“I’ll go first. You follow.”

Using that Wijihoyun disappeared. No, he just moved faster. Lee Sungmin laughed sadly.

“Why couldn’t I be a vice head of the demonic cult?”

Sungmin muttered as he followed using the [One Thunder].



“Boar, rabbit...”

Wijihoyun walked through the forest. He was very composed like he was touring the place. Lee Sungmin was walking next to him with a annoyed face.

“There’s a difference between monsters and animals... you said?”

“Yeah, they look like animals, but they are monsters.”

They went in, but they haven’t seen a monster yet.

“Do they taste good?”

Wijihoyun asked. Sungmin had no answer to that. Delicious? Never ate one. The rabbits and boars were omnivorous, but they also hate humans.

And really, Sungmin never tried to eat one of them. At least not in Genavis.

“They probably aren’t good. They have too much muscle.”

“You never tried?”

“Yes... yes.”

“Well then, you should try now. One of my few hobbies is eating.”



Wijihoyun laughed out loud. The hobby of the Small Pegasus was eating. He never knew that. And it was useless information.

“There’s something there.”

Wijihoyun muttered. There’s what? Sungmin tilted his head. In a few seconds, a rabbit came out of the bushes.

“That must be a rabbit. It’s big.”

“Yes...”

Wijihoyun wasn’t surprised at all. Instead, his eyes looked like they were curious as they glared at the rabbit. The rabbit was looking back. Wijihoyun opened his mouth.

“That thing looks delicious.”

“What?”

At that moment he asked, Wijihoyun moved. When he pointed his finger straight, the rabbit’s forehead had a hole. Psh! In the wound, blood kept flowing, and the rabbit fell to the ground.

What did he do? Sungmin was looking at Wijihoyun with his mouth open. He knew what happened in his mind. When Wijihoyun moved his finger, the power came from his fingertips, and the rabbit’s forehead was broken by the attack.

Fingertips! In his 13 years of training, Lee Sungmin didn’t know how to use power from his spear. But fingertips!

“Those 13 years spending my life aren’t even good for a 13 year old kid!”

He wanted to cry. He had heard of the name Wijihoyun so many times, but looking at it from his side, it felt worse.

“Let’s eat.”

“...later. Later...”

Sungmin muttered. Wijihoyun looked but listened to Sungmin. Sungmin went towards

the rabbit, and picked up his small knife.

“One leg would make me full.”

Wijihoyun muttered and Sungmin wordlessly chopped off a leg. And using the interdimensional pocket, he put in the leg.

“What is that?”

Wijihoyun asked with curiosity. Sungmin talked about the interdimensional pocket, and Wijihoyun was surprised again.

“That’s a cool thing.”

They started to move again. Sungmin pulled out a spear from the pocket. He wasn’t going to hunt everyday, but he was going to catch a few goblins to get their teeth and blood.

“You use the spear?”

“Yeah.”

“The spear is a good weapon. It’s easier to learn than others.”

“...What do you use?”

“I learned the spear, but I don’t use it. The Pegasus’s Grace is an art known to the heads and the vice heads, and if you learn that, you don’t need weapons.”

“Then why did you learn?”

“It’s to learn the basics.”

Wijihoyun said solemnly.

“Starting from long range to short range, learning how to use all the weapons is important in facing them.”

A 13 year old was saying that. Stupid genetics. Someone barely knew how to use a spear after 13 years. Someone else was saying they knew how to use all the weapons

in the world at just 13.

“What did you learn?”

“Chase Soul Technique.”

“There was a technique like that in my area. It wasn’t a great technique.”

The techniques that Sungmin learned and Wijihoyun knew weren’t the same techniques. There were martial artists in Eria, but the techniques were all different.

“Chase Soul Spear Technique, Chase Soul Sword Technique... I don’t know why people like the word Chase Soul so much. Do you know what they have in common. All the techniques with Chase Soul in them are not really that good.”

Wijihoyun’s face had pride in the techniques that he knew. Looking at that made Sungmin sad again.

‘He doesn’t have a bad personality... ’

Sungmin moved forward with his shoulders drooped. He headed towards the goblin's nest.

He wasn’t going to the same area all the point. There were 8 points in this forest that he put. If he captured goblins from the same place all the time, goblins were that dumb to not notice that.

About a week of hiding made the goblins come. Before, he ambushed them but now he was better than that. He was getting used to the spear techniques, so now he was going in directly recently.

“Ack!”

It was strange. During the way there, they had met a rabbit and a boar. A rabbit may have been like that, but the boar also ran away as fast as he could. Sungmin sighed as he looked at that sight.

It was because of Wijihoyun. Sungmin didn’t notice completely, but the aura from Wijihoyun made the monsters run away.

“It’s the goblin's area.”

“The green midgets that you said are called goblins. Are you gonna fight them?”

Wijihoyun asked, and Sungmin nodded. He pulled out a spear, but since Wijihoyun was making the monsters run away, he didn’t even get to use it.

“Beep!”

As soon as they entered the area, they met with 3 goblins. Seeing Sungmin and Wijihoyun, they cried.

“They look ugly.”

Wijihoyun muttered behind him. Sungmin picked up his spear and got his posture. Wijihoyun seemed to not move.

‘To be using a spear technique in front of the Small Pegasus.’

Not the goblins, but Wijihoyun made Sungmin nervous. Sungmin looked at the goblins. They were gazing at him threateningly with their knives.

Then, Sungmin moved forward. Using the [One Thunder], he pulled out his spear.

Pwk!

The spear fell in a goblin's chest. He pulled the spear out.

BaK!

He swung the spear on the goblin’s head, and then he pushed in another goblin’s body. The three goblins fell easily.

“...Phew!”

It was clean. Lee Sungmin smiled to himself as he congratulated himself. He practiced for a month. He now had a bit of muscle so the spear techniques were much better than before.

“Hmm.”

Wijihoyun had his hands on his chin.

“Trash.”

The fact stung his chest hard.

# Chapter 11

## Wijihoyun (3)

“...What?”

Lee Sungmin sharply asked. He quickly turned around and looked towards Wijihoyun. Wijihoyun had a bored face and was looking at him.

“What’s trash?”

He didn’t know where he got the confidence to ask Wijihoyun. He had gotten a martial skeleton. He had learned the [Genuine Heavens] and had practiced everyday. He knew he wasn’t the best, but he had tried his hardest.

That effort was being called trash. Sungmin bit his lip as he glared at Wijihoyun. Wijihoyun met his glance nonchalantly as he opened his mouth.

“There are way too many unnecessities.”

First, he criticized.

“The spear is long. Therefore, it’s important to know how to use that length.”

Wijihoyun held up his hand. He pointed his finger at the spear.

“But you tried to go close to them. There’s no point in doing that. There was no point in using a technique. If you took 5 steps. Just 5 steps, your spear could have hit the goblin.”

“...I don’t have enough strength...”

“Is it really?”

Wijihoyun laughed.

“Those guys didn’t practice any techniques, and your spear isn’t blunt either. Even if

you don't have enough strength, a spear can stab something. A spear is that kind of weapon."

Lee Sungmin listened to Wijihoyun without answering back. It was the first time he had heard things like this. He tried to use a spear before, but no one told Sungmin about spear techniques.

"Of course, a spear isn't only used for stabbing. You could swing it and beat it. But it's a mistake to do that when there's no need to."

Lee Sungmin groaned. He felt anger when he heard that his skills was trash, but listening to his criticism, he could understand his errors.

"But, even if the swings were unnecessary, they were practical. The stance is pretty decent... Using the spear handle should be complemented. Unnecessities happen when you study alone."

Wijihoyun nodded his head and rated him.

"You're not bad. Using the skill... I don't understand, but for one month with no teacher, right? That's not bad."

No, I did it for 13 years. Lee Sungmin drooped his shoulders.

"...Let's go..."

Lee Sungmin sighed and went towards the goblin. He pulled out the teeth and put the blood in the bottles. Wijihoyun approached him

"Go? Where?"

"I... I have to go to the inn I'm staying at."

"What about me?"

"Why ask me?"

"Do I follow you?"

Wijihoyun smiled and asked. To that, Lee Sungmin's mouth opened wide.

“...Follow me?”

“How’s this? If you pay for my stay, I will teach you martial arts.”

Sungmin’s mind opened up. He was getting to learn from the Small Pegasus! It was an opportunity that wasn’t even comparable to the Potion he was trying to after.

“Teach... teach me?”

“Ah, I can’t teach you the Pegasus’s Grace. That’s only for heads and vice heads. Even if there are no sects here... I can’t teach you.”

He wasn’t even looking for that. Ah, but he would accept if Wijihoyun did want to teach him.

“Ahah! Isn’t that a great opportunity. Are you going to say no?”

“N. no.”

Lee Sungmin swallowed. Wijihoyun wasn’t a mean 13 year old kid anymore. Now he was like a God to Sungmin.

God was making him lunch and was basically feeding it to him.



“Who’s that?”

Lula who was cleaning the table opened her eyes. Lee Sungmin had an awkward smile as he brought Wijihoyun.

“It’s an otherworlder who was summoned today.”

“It’s Wijihoyun.”

Wijihoyun said to Lula. It was Lula who wanted Sungmin to call her big sister, but she only looked at Wijihoyun with her mouth open.

That made sense. Lee Sungmin had a normal face, but Wijihoyun was different.



‘Good at martial arts, good background, intelligent, and with a good face.’

The world was unfair. Lee Sungmin complained. Wijihoyun was a handsome person even at 13 year. He was young and didn’t have any masculine features yet, but in 5 years, everyone would probably consider him handsome.

“He’s a martial artists from his clothing.”

Jack muttered. He looked at Sungmin and asked.

“Are you gonna let him sleep here?”

“Ah, yes. I’ll pay for him.”

“Well that’s fine. There’s a lot of rooms.”

Lee Sungmin had to pay more, but he didn’t care.

He was spending 10,000 Erie for this inn. It was 20,000 Erie, but because Jack was kind enough, he cut the cost by half,

“The cost is 20,000. With yours, it’s 30,000 Erie. Well, seeing your face, I’ll do it for 25,000.”

“Thank You!”

As Jack was being generous, Sungmin laughed happily and nodded his head. He pulled Wijihoyun to the room. Since the room next to Wijihoyun was empty, Wijihoyun was going to use that room.

“First, I want to know what you want to learn.”

Wijihoyun didn’t go into his room and came into Sungmin’s room. He sat on the bed and looked at Sungmin’s room.

“First, tell me what you’ve learned.”

“I’ve learned the [Genuine Heavens], [One Thunder], [Iron Skin], [Stone Body], and the Chase Soul Spear Technique.”

“Ok, where’s the book for the [Genuine Heavens]?”

To his asking, Sungmin lifted the mattress of the bed and pulled out the book. He gave it to Wijihoyun. Wijihoyun looked at it for a bit and clicked his tongue.

“I knew it. It’s not that great. The only good thing is that you can learn other cultivation methods as well... Hmm.”

Wijihoyun frowned.

“What do you want to learn?”

Wijihoyun asked.

“I know a lot of techniques. I didn’t master them all, but I memorized all of them. All of them are peak level techniques, so anything will be of help to you.”

“...mm...”

How to use this opportunity. Sungmin thought.

He wanted to first learn some cultivation manuals... His [Genuine Heavens] was better than what he had in his past life, but he would switch if Wijihoyun told him another one.

‘Not a Spear Technique... yet... I need inner strength first.’

Thankfully, there was something he was thinking of. Sungmin looked at Wijihoyun.

“I want to learn a cultivation method.”

“I thought so.”

Wijihoyun laughed.

“Your [Genuine Heavens] isn’t really a great method. It’s barely a first level cultivation manual. There are tens of those better than that method in my head. Do you know what the difference between a first level and an peak level method?”

“...Understanding?”

“That’s not wrong, but that’s not right either. Understanding... is difficult. The difference between those two is the ‘kindness.’ The peak level methods are ones that have been perfected through tens and hundreds of years. It’s easier to learn and to grow with.”

Sungmin could agree to that.

“How about the [Amethyst Cloud]. It’s uncomparable to the [Pegasus’s Grace], but [Amethyst Cloud] isn’t too bad either. It’s easy to gain inner strength, and if you practice it enough, you might even get to the limit.”

Wijihoyun said that and suddenly said the words to the technique. Sungmin raised his hands.

“Why?”

“...I can’t memorize it. Can’t you write it down...?”

Sungmin smiled bitterly. Wijihoyun clucked his tongue.

“You don’t have the memorization skills.”

Even as he said that, Wijihoyun took a pen and paper from Sungmin and wrote the manual down.

“Why aren’t you asking for a spear technique.”

Wijihoyun asked as he was writing the manual down.

“I need inner strength.”

“It’s like you’re saying you don’t need a spear technique.”

“I need one, but... I can’t even do the spear technique that I’m practicing right now. I don’t have the confidence to use a spear technique better than that one even if I learn it.”

“That’s wise of you. I saw your spear skills for just a second... it’s barely any use of you to try and learn a better spear technique.”

The facts hurt.

After an hour, Wijihoyun put down the pen. Sungmin politely received the paper from Wijihoyun with two hands.

‘...should I ask him for some other technique?’

As he was going to read, suddenly, a sense of greed rose in his mind. He didn’t know the reason, but Wijihoyun was being generous to him. Even now. The technique that he gave Sungmin. It was a technique that was incomparable to the Genuine Heavens.

If this news of this manual ended up in Eria, there would be blood with people asking to get it. He had gotten a technique like this for just a inn fee.

Sungmin met Wijihoyun’s eyes.

No. The 13 years of his experience warned him that it would be dangerous to ask more.

“...thanks.”

“I only gave what I thought was a fair trade. It’s my first friend so I gave a bit more though.”

Wijihoyun smiled as he said that.

“If you asked more, I would have been very disappointed with you.”

Wijihoyun added.

“I don’t think that’s being a friend.”

# Chapter 12

## The Hunter (1)

From as far back as he could remember, Wijihoyun was raised to be the Vice-Head of a cult.

He remembered the bookshelf. The shelf filled with martial arts manuals. From as early as when he first learned to read and write, Wijihoyun lived with the arts. His father, who stood at the pinnacle of the cult, put his one and only son towards extreme studying.

Reading, memorizing, reading, memorizing, that cycle continued ad infinitum. Instead of toys, he had weapons. To get familiar with them, he was taught to kill. First, a bug, then a rat, rabbit... then a person.

Sometimes, his dad came. He looked over Wijihoyun's arts and gave him medicine. What his dad wanted was not a son, but the head of a cult that could rule the entire world.

Wijihoyun tried his best to fit in with that mindset. The medicines and the martial arts that the head created combined with the genius of Wijihoyun made it possible for him to succeed.

When he was 10, Wijihoyun was finally able to leave the library. From that point, Wijihoyun was used to murder and had the foundations necessary to learn the [Pegasus' Grace] that only the cult heads were allowed to learn.

3 years later, Wijihoyun studied the [Pegasus' Grace]. It was all he remembered from his past. He had... no one around him. All that was around him was a head that was like a God, and servants who followed orders.

'Friend.'

It was a word that Wijihoyun didn't know. He had never had such a thing like a friend. There was no one who was capable or had the requirements to be a friend with someone like Wijihoyun.

‘First friend.’

Wijihoyun looked down outside the window. If it was his past world, he wouldn’t have looked at Sungmin. No, there would be no reason to meet him.

This place was different. There was no guilt here. There was no God-like head. This was a world called Eria.

He didn’t want to go back. It had been a month since he came. In that month, he worried that when he slept, he would wake up thinking that this was a dream. When he woke up, he felt relieved that this was not a dream.

“...What a shame.”

Wijihoyun muttered. He tied his hair back up and sighed.

“He has no talent.”

Wijihoyun muttered.

Lee Sungmin was sweating as he was swinging his spear around.

The [Amethyst Cloud] was a technique that could be counted as one of the best out of them all. It was nothing compared to the [Pegasus’ Grace], but if he learned the [Amethyst Cloud], it would be easy to conquer one area.

However, like all techniques, the [Amethyst Cloud] was for the geniuses. Wijihoyun said it. The apex techniques and the first-rate techniques had a difference.

Yet, that wasn’t for normal people. The names that usually learned these techniques were for people who had been named geniuses in their early age.

The grace techniques had more ‘kindness’ than the apex techniques and [Amethyst Cloud] was one of them. As a genius, this ‘kindness’ could be understood as ‘kindness’, but not to a normal person.

Lee Sungmin, in Wijihoyun’s eyes, was very far from a genius.

Sungmin knew that as well.

He practiced for a month. The manual he memorized completely. He practiced it every time.

At first, he was hopeful. The hope that he would get stronger by learning a grace technique. He had never learned something like this in his past life. He had only learned second rate techniques.

It didn't take long for that hope to disappear.

It was obvious if he thought about it. It took him 13 years to get to level 8 with his second rate technique. [Amethyst Cloud]... this was a grace technique.

But it didn't fit him.

'I'm not a genius.'

Sungmin breathed. The power of the Amethyst Cloud was going through his body. His breath stabilized.

The rate that he wanted to learn the technique was way slower than he expected. The kindness... it was unkindness to Sungmin. He wasn't a genius, but he couldn't understand the kindness that was meant for the geniuses.

Sungmin practiced the Chase Soul technique as well as the [Amethyst Cloud]. Even though the [Amethyst Cloud] wasn't right for him, the Chase Soul technique increased quickly combined with it. He didn't have enough inner strength yet, but the inner strength that was given by the Amethyst Cloud was nothing compared to the Genuine Heavens.

"Is there no way to increase my inner strength?"

Sungmin asked as he breathed. He was asking to Wijihoyun who had come down from his room and was sitting in the shade.

"Medicine."

Wijihoyun answered.

"That's the fastest way."

Sungmin knew that was the fastest way. He was hopeful that there was another way.

“There is no other way. Yet, the good thing is that... in this world there is a lot of qi. Usually when we say the size of inner strength, we use a sexagenary cycle. Therefore, in one cycle, it’s about 60 years of inner strength.”

He laughed as he said.

“To get one cycle of inner strength, you need to study 60 years. To cut down the time we use potions.”

Therefore, he still needed to get the Potion from the Colosseum. He didn’t know how much he would gain, but he needed something at this point.

“Are you going to the woods today as well?”

Wijihoyun asked. Sungmin picked up a towel and wiped away the sweat on his forehead.

“Yeah.”

“You need money?”

“Yeah. You’re not going, right?”

Wijihoyun had interest when he first arrived. However, in just a week, Wijihoyun lost the interest in the forest.

As a hunting ground, there was barely rabbits and boars. Maybe some bears. A bit deeper, and there were goblins.

Sungmin usually went to the goblins. He could go for the orcs at this point, but he didn’t want to overextend himself.

Going to the forest to get money was one of his jobs. It had nothing to do with Wijihoyun. Wijihoyun was tired of doing the same thing over and over again after a week of it.

Wijihoyun had another hobby now. When Sungmin went to the forest, Wijihoyun went around Genavis.



“I’m going to the library.”

He pulled out his hand towards Sungmin. Sungmin sighed and pulled out 10,000 Erie.

“You already used up the money I gave before?”

“It’s been 4 days. Of course.”

Wijihoyun laughed and answered. Instead of Wijihoyun who didn’t hunt, Sungmin gave him money. He didn’t think it was a waste, to be honest. Wijihoyun helping him study everyday was a great help to Sungmin.

Leaving Wijihoyun, Sungmin left the inn. Using [One Thunder], he ran towards the hunting grounds. With the slow growth of [Amethyst Cloud], his inner strength still increased a great deal. A month ago, he lost all his strength after just 10 minutes, now he could be a bit liberal with his strength.

Still, it wasn’t enough to get to the hunting grounds without stopping.



Body.

He looked down at the body. It wasn’t the first time he saw it. There wasn’t as much at the entrance, but as he went inside, there were more bodies.

They were usually No Classes. Martial artists and magicians had enough power to stand up to these monsters, and they didn’t stay in Genavis for a while. They know that they can’t do much if they stay here hunting goblins and orcs.

But No classes were different. They didn’t have any strength to leave the city. It was an issue for the No Classes.

They had to stay here for a long time, either getting money for art manuals, or magic, or other skills.

It wasn’t something done in a short time. His past self stayed for 3 years.

‘This... was a human.’

There was distance left to the goblin area. He moved down and examined the body. 2 bodies. The weapon... was a knife. At least that's what he thought.

'No weapon. The person must have took it. Goblins can't be out here... it's a person.'

There was something. Sungmin remembered back. It was this time? Sungmin wrinkled his face.

His past life. There was something called 'No Class Hunting.' that was a fad for a while.

It didn't stay for long. Just a week. A person hunted the No Classes who came to the goblin area.

The purpose was to get the money and equipment. He didn't know who, but he only went after No Classes and stole their money and equipment.

"Tsk."

Sungmin clicked his tongue and stood up. In his past life, Sungmin didn't even get to the goblin area.

'Bad luck.'

He would leave the area. The blood hadn't dried yet.

Sckk.

Sungmin shook. 'Bright ear.' The skill that he had gotten in 2 months, it was a skill that increased hearing in forests.

'Bad Luck...'

Sungmin ran forward with no hesitation.

# Chapter 13

## The Hunter (2)

Running.

Sungmin didn't look back... he didn't know where the sound that he heard came from. It could have been a rabbit that he saw all the time, or even a boar... it could be something like that.

But what does that matter. He saw a body. He saw a No Class' corpse that was from the No Class hunting. He wasn't arrogant. Confidence was something that people who had things had.

The sound came closer from behind. It wasn't a monster. A rabbit running, a boar running, it didn't match either of those sounds. The sound was... light. It wasn't a goblin or an orc. A light but fast sound. It was getting closer.

Human. Is this... a speed technique? Sungmin wrinkled. It wasn't just running. If it was just running, the person wouldn't be able to catch up with his One Thunder.

'Was it a martial artist?'

It wasn't good. Bad luck. A sudden moment, he heard a sound. It wasn't a running sound. This was...

Air. Sungmin threw his body around. With the speed that he was running at, he flew in the air.

The knife the person threw slightly missed Sungmin and went away. Dang!

He quickly tried to catch his fall, but his body rolled on the ground.

"Ha!"

Sungmin breathed hard as he stood up.

“It was a martial artist.”

The hunter muttered.

He wasn't that tall. There was a skinny man standing on the ground. The area below his eyes were black like death.

“He didn't look like it...”

It was a bad choice. The man muttered as he wrinkled his eyebrows. But he had no intention of backing off.

‘What is this... ’

Sungmin acted with a scared face. Even with that face, Sungmin stayed cold. Running... was impossible.

But he knew one thing.

The hunter's power wasn't that great. If it were great, then he wouldn't have tried to assassinate him with a throwing knife... He would have taken him down by running. He didn't even look confident with assassinations. Sungmin 'heard' the sound, and 'dodged' the throwing knife.'

‘A third rate.’

The person that killed No Classes for a week in the Goblin area was just a third rate martial artist.

However, he wasn't to be taken lightly. With just a knife, a human can be a murder. The human body is just that fragile.

Even as a third-rate martial artist, he had definitely learned the technique of killing a person. He had no hesitation towards murder. He had no hesitation in swinging a weapon. Martial arts were just basically a better way of killing.

Not being used to fighting monsters, not being used to killing humans... this was a No Class. To a No Class like that... a person like this who kills other people with weapons is like a demon to them.

Not to Lee Sungmin.

‘Third class... can he do it?’

Sungmin raised both his hands. He was showing that he wasn’t going to attack. The hunter’s eyebrow went up.

“What are you doing?”

“I... I don’t want to die.”

Sungmin made a hesitating sound. He made a face like he was going to cry, and with his 14 year old face, it looked good.

“There is no one who wants to die.”

The hunter muttered. He pulled out the knife on his waist.

“Who wants to die?”

Hing. The hunter swung his knife. The knife made a loud sound as it cut the air. It was a sound that threatened. Lee Sungmin swallowed loudly. This was also a sound that was made to be heard

“If, if you let me live.”

Sungmin lifted the interdimensional pocket. The hunter’s eyes narrowed.

“I’ll... give you this.”

“What is that.”

The hunter asked. Sungmin opened the pocket.

Looking at his movement, Sungmin put his hand inside the pocket.

What he pulled out was a constructible spear. He had bought it after his spear broke after the orc fight. Creak! Sungmin created the spear as the hunter looked.

“...what is that?”

The hunter's mouth opened. It was a surprised face. What made him surprised was not the spear, but was the pocket. It was the size of 2 hands, but a spear came out of it. It was surprising.

"It's called a interdimensional pocket. I'll give you this... so can you let me live?"

"Why can't I just kill you and take it?"

B\*itch. His thinking was very logical. As he thought that, he still kept up his scared face.

He didn't understand the pocket. This guy... didn't have the understanding of this world. To explain, he didn't understand the 'magic' behind the pocket.

"Th, this pocket has magic inside of it. If I die, it doesn't work anymore."

"You want me to believe that?"

"It's true...!"

Sungmin shouted as he made a face. The hunter didn't know what to believe. Like Sungmin thought, he didn't know anything about magic. He knew how the world worked, and how hunting weak humans gave more profit than hunting monsters. So he was killing people who looked weak in this area.

That was it. Magic? What is that?

"...Give that to me"

The hunter said.

"Leave the spear."

The hunter added. Of course. Sungmin put down the spear.

Up to here was Sungmin's plan. Using the pocket, he would get the hunter's interest. He would take the spear out.

Then he would show the spear.

The spear that was a weapon.

“Come here.”

The hunter ordered. Sungmin shook his legs and made a frightened face. He was glad that he was a 14 year old doing this.

He acted scared. He begged to let him live in return for the pocket. He put down the spear on the ground.

And then he encouraged overconfidence.

Can he do it?

It wasn't that he wasn't scared. He was acting cool-headed, but if he did something wrong, he would die. There was no other way when escape was impossible. He had to kill the other person.

He had to select a way. Frontal assault? No way. Lee Sungmin wasn't overconfident in himself. His [Amethyst Cloud] was still level 1, and the techniques that he was practicing weren't strong enough. Inner strength. He didn't have enough. If he used a spear... he would be able to survive a bit. But he wouldn't be able to win.

In his past life, he was second rate, the opponent now was third rate. If he used his past body, he would be able to win in a head-on fight.

But for now that wasn't possible. He didn't have a strong enough body yet. Even after 2 months of strengthening, he was nothing compared to a strong man. He couldn't use inner strength to overcome that strength weakness either.

Even as a third rate, he probably knew more techniques than Sungmin did. Sungmin only learned for 2 months.

Yet, Sungmin had experience. With 13 years of living, he had experience. A young child brings overconfidence.

The distance was closer. Sungmin moved closer.

“Wait, throw it there.”

The hunter spat. The guy wasn't a complete idiot. If Sungmin was just a regular No Class, the hunter wouldn't be this aware.

'Maybe I shouldn't have ran away in the beginning? No, now it's too late.'

Sungmin stopped and pulled up the pocket. And he threw the pocket.

A bit high,

And a bit to the left.

The hunting reacted. He lifted his right arm up, and moved his body to the side. It was to get the pocket that was heading diagonally. When he moved, Sungmin's hand was at the belt. The throwing knife was on his hand.

Pwk! The knife went forward. The hunter, surprised, moved. The knife barely missed the waist of the hunter.

In his body, inner strength rose up. The [Amethyst Cloud] was being used.

Pck! He used the [One Thunder] to move forward. The hunter didn't have any time to swing his knife because of his broken stance. Sungmin pulled out the knife on the back of his waist and stabbed in straight inside.

"You son of a...!"

The hunter screamed. Tired to scream. Sungmin swung the knife that was inside of him without hesitation.

"Ack!"

The hunter screamed. He moved back so it missed his vital points, but the knife cut through his stomach.

"Die!"

The hunter used his last strength. Even as he was bleeding hard, he swung his life with his right hand. Then Sungmin, without thinking, moved close to the hunter's body.

This distance. He couldn't move away. He had to move towards him. The weapon like



a knife could never swipe something that was close to the chest. Maybe if he stabbed it down

The third rate martial artists was like this. They didn't know how to adapt. They didn't know how to be cool-headed. They didn't know how to examine their opponent.

Puk.

The knife stabbed straight through the person's left chest. The knife stabbed straight through the heart. His body shook. His chin moved down, and the blood that came through his body straight out through the mouth flowed down.

"Uh... Uahhhhh..."

"...Ha."

Sungmin breathed as he pulled out the knife. He pushed the body away with his left hand.

The person shivered slightly and lost his strength. Sungmin wiped away the blood on the knife. Then he searched through the hunter's body.

"...You stole a lot of money."

He earned 210,000 Erie.

# Chapter 14

## Secret (1)

Thinking about it, it was really stupid.

The person who massacred No Classes for a week in his past life was just a third rate martial artist. Lee Sungmin looked down at the dead hunter. He didn't know his name. He probably wouldn't. How he felt about fighting.....

'I would have died if I did something wrong.'

That was Sungmin's reality. He was back in his old life. He did learn the [Amethyst Cloud] through Wijihoyun. Still... he had to risk his life to kill a third rate martial artist.

There was no other way. The [Amethyst Cloud] didn't give him talent. Understanding the grace techniques were close to impossible for Lee Sungmin

"Screw this."

Sungmin cursed and wiped the blood on his hands on his clothes. The hunter was holding the pocket that Sungmin threw at him.

Sungmin took the pocket and the knife that the hunter was holding. It was too big to put inside the pocket. He took the blade, and looked through his belongings.

There was nothing else other than money. He was hopeful that there might be something else related to martial arts, but there was nothing.

'Well, why does it matter. I'm busy with other things... '

The [Amethyst Cloud] was hard enough. He wasn't even able to use the Chase Soul technique completely correctly. If he added more techniques...

Sungmin left the body and headed outside the forest. It didn't feel that bad to kill a person. He was already used to it.

Sungmin wasn't the person to try and kill the opponent. But if the opponent tried to kill and there was no other way, he had to kill.

It didn't feel great. It was... bitter. He understood now how weak the No Classes here were. Tens of people died to just this third rate.

'He roamed for barely a week. He didn't show up any other time.'

Probably... he died. He could have attacked a martial artist or a magician like now, or he could have attacked a No Class that was stronger than others. He didn't really care how he died before.

He died in this life. The hunting was over.

"You brought a weird blade."

Jack muttered. He looked over the blade that he got from Sungmin. The blade basically decorated that the owner was a martial artist.

"It's strange to see a martial artist die in the forest..."

"Not all of them are strong."

"Yes. third rate or second rate, there are those people."

Jack didn't really ask about the origins of the blade. Still, he paid well for it.

"You know that kid you're with recently?"

"...yes? Ah, Hoyun?"

"Yes. that kid... Who is he?"

Jack's eyes narrowed. Why was he asking this now? Sungmin tilted his head and widened his eyes.

"What about him?"

"No, I see him in the plaza... I don't know what he's doing. He's just sitting there near the fountain sometimes and then walking around..."

Jack wrinkled his face.

“He’s just a bit uncomfortable. That... what should I say. An instinct... yes. That. I just have an instinct to be close with him...”

Jack laughed a bit at himself as he was speaking. Uncomfortable of a 13 year old. But Jack trusted himself. He was saved by it when he was wandering the forest a few times.

“I don’t know what he’s doing.”

Sungmin said truthfully. Wijihoyun was doing something else, and he was giving him money.

But even he didn’t know what Wijihoyun was doing.

Wijihoyun stayed in Genavis for one month before. Sungmin didn’t know where Wijihoyun went. He was busy with himself.

He heard when he became a mercenary. He was 18 then and was living in a close place called Bronu.

At that point, Wijihoyun was spreading his name around since a year ago. Now he was a bit curious. What was he doing for 3 years. Sungmin lived in Genavis for 3 years and became a mercenary after a year. Wijihoyun was gone for 3 years before he went to spread his name.

3 years. What did Wijihoyun do? It’s been a month. If it goes like before... Wijihoyun would leave Genavis.

‘But Wijihoyun now is different.’

The person didn’t change. However, what happened changed. Wijihoyun didn’t meet Sungmin before. Sungmin knew what Wijihoyun did after a month.

In that month, Wijihoyun created a storm in Genavis. He destroyed 4 goblin clans and 3 orc clans. Even as they reproduce fast, it did cause a issue in the balance of the forest.

But this Wijihoyun was different. It’s not that Wijihoyun didn’t go to the forest. He didn’t go this week, but he went the past 3 weeks with Sungmin.

He only went but didn't do anything. As Sungmin fought, Wijihoyun looked around at mushroom or flowers... or bugs. He sometimes fixed errors on Sungmin's movements.

"Are you here?"

Wijihoyun was already there when Sungmin came back to the inn. Wijihoyun smiled at Sungmin as he came in.

"You came early?"

"You too."

Sungmin woke up early. He practiced [Amethyst Cloud] and then went to the backyard of the inn and swung spears. Then he went to the forest and would come back just after lunch. It's the same afterwards.

Today, he came back before lunch. He had a lot of money, so there was no need to hunt anymore.

"You usually come at dinner."

"I finished reading all the books at the bookstore today."

Wijihoyun laughed. As Sungmin heard the rumors about Wijihoyun, he heard Wijihoyun was a cruel person.

But really living with Wijihoyun, the name Small Pegasus didn't really fit him. Wijihoyun had a lot of facial expressions and laughed. It did feel bad when he beat people with facts, but Wijihoyun had some manners. He was really friendly with people like Lula and Hans.

"You."

Today's lunch was a sandwich with meat. Lula came out of the kitchen with sandwiches on a plate. Wijihoyun was going to say something, but he shut his mouth as Lula came.

"You killed a person."

After a few words, Lula went back to the kitchen. When she left, Wijihoyun muttered

that. Sungmin's face hardened as he was about to cut the sandwich.

"...hmm?"

"You smell like blood. Human blood."

Wijihoyun touched his nose. And then he laughed.

"I'm used to it. I killed early on... it's hard not to get used to it."

"It's just blood, isn't it?"

"No, it's different. Why'd you kill?"

"..."

Sungmin stayed silent. Then he sighed and cut his sandwich.

"He was a third rate martial artist. He wanted to kill me..."

"You won against him. You should as you are studying the [Amethyst Cloud]."

"I couldn't do a head-on fight."

"You don't have enough inner strength."

Wijihoyun answered like he knew. He wiped away the sauce with a napkin.

"You're unique."

Wijihoyun's eyes brightened.

"When you went to hunt, I went around the city to see, to understand the world. I learned the state of the No Classes. Most of them are... terrible."

"Yes."

"I understand. It's a human who can't kill something like a small animal. If a human can do that easily, he's probably a broken human."

Wijihoyun knew. He practiced killing early on to be used to it. Not to get used to it, but to not care about it.

"You're different. It's been 2 months. You went into the forest as soon as you were summoned. Then you hunted monsters."

"...What's so different? You can't survive without it."

"Haha! Do you think No Classes don't know that and can't do that? They know it, but they can't do it. They can't risk their lives, and kill another being. Something you know, but can't do."

That was a difference between No Classes and the others. All the other martial artists were used to killing. Martial arts was basically a better way to kill others.

Magicians were the same. Magicians may be thought of as an experimental in a lab,

But it's different in reality. Magic makes killing so easy.

But what about a No Class? No skill and no determination. That's why living was so hard.

"You're 14. It's hard for you to kill at this age. It's hard to murder or even kill a small animal. But you did it without hesitation."

"I have to."

"Ok. Then let me say something else."

Wijihoyun shrugged. What does he want to say. Sungmin glared at Wijihoyun as he shoved the sandwich in his mouth.

"You have no talent."

"Uck!"

The random fact hit his throat hard. The sandwich going down his throat was stuck. Sungmin coughed loudly as he poured milk inside.

"It's strange though. You have no talent... but you have the form for swinging the spear."

You have a lot of useless actions, but it's possible to kill."

"Wh, what do you want to say?"

"2 months. It's been 2 months. That skill is pretty incredible for 2 months. Not the spear either. You're used to using inner strength. When you use cultivation methods as well, your footwork is pretty good. Do you know? When normal people use methods, the feet get mixed up. It's hard to get used to it."

He knew this. It took him a long time when he tried to learn the [One Thunder].

"You're used to it. Your spear technique is second rate, but it's still polished. In just 2 months? With that power, you have no talent. What is that?"

Wijihoyun laughed. Footwork? He had to be used to it. It's been 10 years. Spear? Same. 10 years he spent swinging that thing as a mercenary.

"It's strange. Strange... what are you hiding?"

Wijihoyun was looking at Sungmin. Sungmin claimed his beating heart and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

"I don't get it."

"You're still lying. I don't like lying."

"...Everyone has secrets. Isn't it a bad thing to try and get it out of someone?"

Sungmin grumbled. Hans said that. He had a natural instinct to be away from Wijihoyun. Sungmin agreed with his now. It was very weird dealing with this Wijihoyun. What 13 year old kid has his mind work like this. Just say it is like that.

'He's not a person that can think lightly of things.'

Sungmin drank his milk quickly. And then thought.

There was a simple way to stop his suspicion.

To say that he was reborn. But could he? He wondered if he could trust Wijihoyun or Wijihoyun believed him.



“Secret. Yes, everyone has that. I do, too.”

Wijihoyun laughed.

“Then how’s this? I’ll tell you mine.”

“I don’t think your secret has more worth than my secret.”

“I see. Then how is this. I’ll add something else. Spear technique? Footwork? Anything.”

“...I can’t use it. Like you beat me up, I don’t have talent.”

“When did I beat you up?”

“Language is violence.”

Sungmin said with a gloomy face. Wijihoyun looked like he didn’t understand.

“You’re saying weird things. Well... that’s not wrong. Your Chase Sould technique is nothing compared to the apex techniques. Isn’t it better to learn a spear technique in the long run?”

“I don’t have enough inner strength.”

“You’re being expensive.”

“I don’t want to say it that much.”

“Fine. I’ll give you 20 percent of my inner strength.”

Wijihoyun said. To that, Sungmin widened his mouth. Inner strength isn’t something that is easily given as well, but he didn’t understand why Wijihoyun wanted to learn it so much.

“Why do you want to hear it that much?”

“I’m curious. You’re my only friend. Is it weird to know a friend’s secret?”

“I don’t want to know yours...”

“You and me are different. I have no intention of blaming you, but I want to know. So how is it?”

Wijihoyun said. Lee Sungmin hesitated. A spear technique, inner strength, and Wijihoyun’s secret. This would be an opportunity like never before. Sungmin sighed and nodded.

“...Fine. Just promise this. When you hear mine... don’t kill me.”

“Why would I do that?”

“Promise.”

“Ok. I promise. I won’t kill you ever. No matter what you say or what happens, I won’t kill you. You're my friend.”

Wijihoyun nodded and said. Sungmin felt a bit of guilt as he heard that.

“Ok.”

“I’ll say it first.”

Sungmin was about to say something, but Wijihoyun lifted his hand up.

“I’m a girl.”

# Chapter 15

## Secret (2)

“...?”

Did I hear wrong. Sungmin widened his eyes and looked back at Wijihoyun. Wijihoyun’s face was as still as ever.

“...Wwhat?”

“I’m a girl.”

Wijihoyun pointed at herself. Sungmin’s mouth slowly opened. He didn’t hear wrong. Wijihoyun was just saying that she was a girl.

“No way!”

Sungmin yelled loudly. To that, Jack and Lula looked outside. I’m sorry. Wijihoyun said that to the kitchen and looked back with annoyance at Sungmin.

“You can’t yell like that.”

“What! I yelled because I was surprised!”

“Hm, I get it.”

Wijihoyun nodded her head. Sungmin had no other words to say. He looked back into his past life. Small Pegasus Wijihoyun. There was no rumor that Wijihoyun was a girl. No, looking outside of the past, he looked at the ‘now’ Wijihoyun that was in front of him.

A high nose. Narrow eyebrows. Large eyes. White skin. Stature was small, but he thought it was because of young age. But now, he thought differently.

“...Rea, really?”

“Really. Why would I lie about this? Or do I have to go to the room and take off my pants?”

Wijihoyun laughed and said. There were many things that he wondered before.

Wijihoyun looked pretty. He thought that she would be a handsome man. Yes. that’s what he thought. But now thinking that she was a girl... it was different.

‘We never even had a bath together.’

Sungmin usually took a bath after he finished practicing and hunting, but Wijihoyun never tried to get in with Sungmin. He didn’t think that there was a reason for it. He just thought Wijihoyun was dirtier than he expected.

“There’s no chest.....”

“I covered with a bandage.”

Wijihoyun slightly lifted her shirt and said. There was a white bandage.

“It didn’t come out as much. I don’t know how much it will get bigger by... hopefully not much. It’s uncomfortable living with skin on my chest.”

“...I can’t...”

Sungmin muttered. Wijihoyun was actually a girl. He never thought about that.

“Why did you dress up like a boy?”

“The head wanted me to. I was a genius and had the type of body to learn techniques, but I was a girl. The head thought it was wasteful for my talent to go to waste. So he wanted me to live as a boy from early on.”

“It was probably the first order from the head and my dad,” Wijihoyun added and laughed.

“But there aren’t cults in this world. There aren’t heads here. There’s no reason to live as a boy. But... I lived 13 years as one. I can’t just abandon it in one morning. So I’m probably going to continue doing it. Unless my chest gets too big for this bandage.”

That would be good. Wijihoyun muttered. Sungmin looked at Wijihoyun as if dazed, and Wijihoyun opened her mouth looking back at him.

“That’s my secret. What’s yours?”

“...hmm...”

He didn’t think it was a lie. Girl. Girl... Small Pegasus is a girl. Sungmin kept hold of his mind.

“...I’m...”

Listening to that, Sungmin couldn’t say that he couldn’t tell her. Sungmin sighed and said.

“I’m a rarity.”

“What is that?”

Wijihoyun tilted her head and asked. His heart dropped a bit, but Sungmin continued.

He told him. The fact that he was reborn by getting a stone. He died and came back. As Sungmin said, Wijihoyun just listened quietly.

“I see.”

As the story ended, Wijihoyun nodded her head.

“It’s hard to believe, but I guess I have to. This world. And magic. Those things. I just have to believe it. I wouldn’t believe it in my world, but this is different.”

Wijihoyun muttered. He, no, she stared off.

“How was I?”

“...What?”

“There should be me before. How was I?”

“Well...”

He told Wijihoyun about her in the past life. He never saw her before, so he could only tell her rumors.

“So, I was living well. At least for 13 years.”

“I... think so.”

“And still as a boy.”

Wijihoyun laughed.

“Probably, my chest wasn’t that big even after 13 years. That’s good.”

Sungmin didn’t know if that was a joke or the truth.

“I am curious. Why did you want me to promise to not kill you?”

“...It wasn’t a coincidence that we met. I... wanted to see Wijihoyun for the first time. So I was there at the point where you were summoned. I was looking at you.”

“Ah, so since that meeting was false, you thought I would kill you because I would angry that I was being used?”

That was true. Sungmin stayed silent.

“That’s strange.”

Wijihoyun laughed.

“Think about it. When you and I met, you were just looking at me. I was the one that went up to you. I was the one who asked to be friends. The person who gave you advice on martial arts? Haha! That’s me as well. You didn’t ask me to do anything. I said everything.”

There was nothing that he said. What she said was true.

“You have way too many worries. Is it because you faced death before? Or just that personality.”

“Both.”

“Hmm, well anyway. I have no intention of killing you. Now, I have an interest in you. You came back after dying. That’s interesting. I understand the flaws in yourself. 13 years, no 10 years, is it? After 10 years, you get used to it. It’s a shame that you’re only that good after 10 years though.”

“F\*ck.”

Sungmin cursed at Wjihoyun’s muttering. The facts hurt him way too much.

“From what you said, I left this city after one month and was away for 3 years.”

“Yeah.”

“What did I do for 3 years?”

“How would I know?”

“That Wjihoyun and this Wjihoyun are two different people. But the way that they think or the things that they want... are probably the same. I was probably not doing anything for 3 years. I might have traveled the world.”

“Travel?”

“Wjihoyun was a human that wanted freedom. The control of the head, that freedom. I’m happy that I was summoned here. I earned that freedom.”

That was Wjihoyun’s sincere thoughts.

“I think that, too. I want to leave now. I wandered the city for a week. But this city is small as well. I want to see other things and feel other things as well.”

“...You’re going to leave?”

“I was going to. But... what do you want to do?”

Wjihoyun asked to Sungmin.

“You already lived in this world. You lived for 13 years and died. You got an opportunity and came back. But what do you want to do in this world?”

Sungmin couldn't say anything to Wijihoyun. That was something that Sungmin never thought of.

"You have memories of your past life. What do you want to do with it"

"...A better life than before."

"I saw many people after wandering for one week. No classes. Not all of them go to the forest to hunt. They all live doing other labor. Do you not want to live like that?"

"...That's a waste."

Sungmin muttered.

"I have everything that is useful from my past life. I have information that I written down."

"Greedy. Well, I have no intention of blaming you... but what do you want to do. A better life than me? Isn't that a bit vague? Any other goal?"

"I have... no idea."

Sungmin wondered for a second and sighed.

"I only thought about surviving every day in my past life. Like you said all the time, I don't have talent. Still, I tried to survive. I died stupidly... even though I came back. I don't have a goal. Just, I'll probably live like before."

"I see."

Wijihoyun nodded. She didn't have any advice for Sungmin. Well to be fair, Wijihoyun was 13, and Sungmin was 27. It would be stupid to get life advice from a 13 year old.

"But, you. You want to stay being friends?"

"Is there any other reason?"

"I'm older than you? The mental age..."

"That's not a problem."



It basically meant she was going to continue not being polite towards him.

“Let’s go up.”

Wijihoyun stood up. Sungmin followed Wijihoyun and went into Wijihoyun’s room. Thinking about it, it was the first time that he went in Wijihoyun’s room.

“I will give you the High Heaven spear technique.”

Wijihoyun said with a solemn face. Wijihoyun sat on the bed and looked at Sungmin.

“...do I have to kneel?”

“Just get a chair. Friends don’t kneel.”

Wijihoyun muttered, and Sungmin pulled a chair and sat next to Wijihoyun.

“This is the best spear technique that I remember. A hundred years ago, a man called the Spear King who ruled the world with a spear, used it. The name just looks majestic, doesn’t it. The best spear technique from the high heavens. It’s that good of a technique.”

“I can’t memorize hard things.”

“I know. Your talent is trash. Like the [Amethyst Cloud], the High Heaven is also a grace technique. You won’t do anything with your talent even if you spent your life practicing it.”

“Do you keep having to say that?”

“It’s true.”

There was nothing he could say back.”

“So I will change it to your talent. It might take a while, but it’s going to be better to learn the revised version than the original.”

“...Can you do that?”

“I’m a genius.”

Wijihoyun said solemnly.

“The head realized this as well. I'm not completely changing. It's only lowering the entrance limit... it's also mixing other techniques as well. I can't change the origin. The Spear King who made it was a genius as well.”

That was a great thing already. Changing an original technique. Wijihoyun was just a different person from Sungmin.

“I'll change it to High Heaven Sungmin technique.”

“What?”

“It's for you so it should have your name. High Heaven Sungmin. Isn't it great?”

“That's great?”

“If you don't like the name, you make it. I like that name.”

Wijihoyun said. Sungmin was about to disagree but closed his mouth. She was going to fix a technique it for him, so he felt kind of sorry to say something about the name.

# Chapter 16

## Secret (3)

“Ok, spear techniques are good for now.”

Wijihoyun muttered and held out her hand.

“I’ll give you 20 percent of my inner strength.”

She was saying that it was nothing, but Sungmin couldn’t believe it.

20 percent of her power. He didn’t know how much that was. But was inner strength something that was so easily taken and given? Sungmin was curious about that.

Inner strength were all different. A guy’s strength had yang while the girl had yin. Those things were the basics and the inner strength all differs from which type of cultivation methods that were learned. One type of method would give that type of inner strength.

“I learned Amethyst Cloud, so can I take your inner strength?”

“You’re not completely stupid.”

At the question, Wijihoyun made a proud face and answered.

“If it was normal, it’s impossible to give inner strength. Only if its the purest central energy, it could be given. But that’s not the best way to do. That energy is basically your life power, so just by touching, it lowers your life expectancy.”

She wasn’t going to give that energy

“There are other ways to take strength, but they aren’t effective. It seems like a good thing to be able to steal someone else’s strength... but it’s not really a good thing either. There’s too much waste accumulated.”

Wijihoyun put out her hand further and grabbed Sungmin’s wrist.

“Do you know why the Pegasus’s Grace is one of the best techniques and is given only to the heads?”

“How would i know.”

“Of course you wouldn’t. To say simply, the Pegasus’s Grace... doesn’t go through what all cultivation methods go through called the ‘refinement.’”

“...what?”

Sungmin couldn’t help but be surprised at that. Even if it was second rate and third rate, sungmin practiced cultivation methods. He knew how amazing not going through ‘refinement’ was.

The basis of the cultivation method was usually nature’s power into the body, and using the words of the method, refining it to inner strength. That’s how strength combined in the body.

Those were the basics of all the cultivation methods, the third rate or apex techniques. The Amethyst Cloud that he was practicing right now was a grace cultivation method, but there was refinement involvement. It was just that the speed that the inner strength combines is nothing compared to other methods.

But to have no refinement. if that was true, inner strength would increase every time he took a breath from nature.

“Pegasus Grace allows for a person to gain strength just by breathing. It could be considered one of the best. But it’s not for everyone. You have to have qualities to learn it.”

Wijihoyun rubbed Sungmin’s wrists and stayed quiet for a while. He could feel the power given by Wijihoyun.

“The blood flow... isn’t clean. There’s a lot of waste here. 14 isn’t a young age to learn martial arts. It’s pretty late.”

It was inevitable. Even if he earned a low class martial skeleton, he couldn’t clean up the blood flow.

“Your energy limit is small as well. That I can’t do anything about. Your strength is

small. So... I'm going to give you 20 percent of my strength, but it's not as easy of a thing to do in real life. Giving or receiving."

"...it's not dangerous, right?"

"No. Still, it depends on you how much of the energy that you can usually take from my 20 percent. Use the Amethyst Cloud."

Wijihoyun let go of his hand. Sungmin followed and started to use the Amethyst Cloud. His small inner strength started to give energy.

Wijihoyun stood behind Sungmin. She breathed a few time and put her right hand on his stomach. The pegasus's Grace was being used.

"Don't say anything."

Wijihoyun warned. Sungmin closed his eyes and mouth. He only thought about the Amethyst Cloud and used it. Then

Through his stomach, a big energy was entered. It was an unrefined clean natural energy.

Wijihoyun's energy had the usage enough and ever more of an potion. The size was the same, but during refinement, potions mix in waste as well. There's a lot of energy waste when cultivation methods are used to refine it.

But to this energy that she was giving, there wasn't anything like that. Of course, he couldn't just take the energy. Sungmin didn't learn the Pegasus's Grace.

Sungmin's shoulder shivered. The energy from Wijihoyun wandered through Sungmin's blood. To keep it, Sungmin kept using the Amethyst Cloud.

"Phew!"

A big later, Wijihoyun took off her hand. Her face was filled with tiredness. She was grumbling while wiping off her sweat.

"This is a huge opportunity. You know?"

Sungmin couldn't answer. He was surprised by the amount of energy coming through

his veins. Only a bit later did he open his eyes.

“...Ah!”

The first thing that he let out was a sigh. His energy was filled. He hadn't felt this full in ages.

‘This is just 20 percent?’

It was impossible. The 20 percent that she put in... it was way more than he had in 10 years.

“How much did you get?”

“Ah... about... half?”

“Lies. With your skill, you wouldn't have even got half. Don't get discouraged. It's power in your veins, so with practice, you should be able to get it.

Tired. She grumbled and sat down on the bed. Wijihoyun would have to be using 20 percent of her strength.

“...Why are you doing this/”

“You're my friend.”

Wijihoyun answered.

“Don't say it. This is... just by pleasure. I don't want anything from you, so don't worry.”

“I'm tired. I'm going to sleep early... tomorrow, i'll start fixing the High Heavens.

“...Should I help?”

“You? Help me? Say something correct. If you want to help me, at least write me the scroll for the Chase Soul technique. I'll put that in.”

“Do you have to put my name?”

“It's my choice.”

There was no point in arguing. He brought a pen and paper, wrote down the words to the Chase Soul, and gave it to her. Wijihoyun looked it over and grumbled.

“This is a technique...”

To the genius Wijihoyun, this sort of technique isn't even a technique for her.

“...Thank you.”

Sungmin sincerely thought that and bowed his head down to her. Wijihoyun looked at his bowed head, and lifted her hand and brought it down on his head. Bap! Sungmin screamed at the dizziness.

“Ack!”

“Don't bow.”

Wijihoyun spit out.

“We're friends. Don't bow on friends.”

“I could...”

“I don't like it.”

Wijihoyun answered and lifted herself up.

“How long are you going to be.”

“You?”

“I'm busy. It's going to take about a month to fix the High heavens.”

“...Aren't you leaving?”

Sungmin asked. He told Wijihoyun about his past life. At this point, Wijihoyun was going to leave Genasis.

“I have things to do.”

“It’s because of me.”

“Yes, it’s because of you.”

Wijihoyun smiled and answered.

“If I didn’t hear the reborn thing or whatever, I would have said goodbye. And I would have left this city in a few days.”

The same as before. Wijihoyun felt different things than before, but the human called Wijihoyun had no intention of staying in this city for over a month.

“You came back already once after dying. If you die stupidly again, isn’t it bad and shameful for you? So, I’ll help you. So you don’t waste your life.”

Sungmin looked at Wijihoyun. What. What is this. As a friend? Really. Was that why she was giving all this to him.

Sungmin couldn’t understand that. A friend was basically a shallow relationship, a coincidence.

It was obvious why Sungmin didn’t understand Wijihoyun. In those 13 years, there was no one he could consider as a friend. Relationships... it’s not like he didn’t have those.

They just all died.

Sungmin did think about that. Maybe there was something that he could do. It was nonsense. It was hard for him to live at this point. In these 2 months, they were probably already dead.

“What is that facial expression?”

“...just glad.”

Sungmin muttered.

The relationship with Wijihoyun to Sungmin was probably the best opportunity that he had ever gotten in both his lives.



# Chapter 17

## Subjugation Request (1)

He could already feel that his strength has increased. After getting that 20 percent from Wijihoyun, Sungmin could run from the inn to the north wall without stopping.

He has risen to the point where he could consider himself a second rate martial artist. The lack of inner strength has been covered by Wijihoyun, and he could now think about the future. He didn't know how much he could increase his level of Amethyst Cloud with his lack of talent, but he could now at least have hope about the future.

It wasn't just the [Amethyst Cloud] either. If he could just learn the High Heavens from Wijihoyun, he would be able to have two strong techniques and set his goals higher.

Of course, he wasn't going to be a master just by learning these two techniques. Being a master was only for the geniuses of the geniuses.

'It's better than before at least.'

How much better it was than his past life where he learned a second rate technique for 10 years and stayed at a C rank. His talent stopped him, but he at least had a path to improving. Because of the No Class's growth and the martial skelton, he would be able to improve at least a bit.

"Sir."

When he was going to go to the forest like usual, someone called out to Sungmin. Sungmin hesitated and turned around.

There was a teen that was looking at Sungmin. Sungmin quickly scanned the teen's clothes. He had martial art clothes. The teen was a martial artist. He looked at the blade at the teen's waist and answered.

"Yes?"

"Sir, are you a martial artist?"

It was a direct question. That teen must have understanding about this world. Sungmin hesitated for a second.

He was a No Class. He was using martial art methods, but his status still said that he was a No Class. If he wanted to get a new class, he had to go to a guild or other places.

He wasn't in any of those.

"Yes."

However, Sungmin calmly lied. It didn't make any sense that a No Class would learn technique and have a big size of inner strength. Since he was checked by Wijihoyun already, Sungmin was going to be more careful about that.

"Oh, I see. You seem to be good with speed techniques. If it's alright, may I hear what division you came from?"

The teen brightened and asked. It was question mixed with compliments. Sungmin shook his head and answered.

"I can't tell you that. I do not wish to speak publicly about my divisions."

Sungmin answered with a cold face. He purposely made a suspicious face and made an according glance. The teen nodded hearing Sungmin's words.

"I see. I may have asked a insulting question."

The teenager said.

"My name is Eun Heelong. I'm also called the Wrecker Blade"

"...I am called Lee Sungmin. I don't have a nickname."

"Really? Your skills are very good for your age..."

"I've never been out of the family..."

Sungmin slurred his words. Because of his experiences, he was able to decently act like a martial artist, but he would be exposed if he went on further.

“But what does kind sir have to do with me...?”

“Haha! Sir, I’m not such a great guy to be called that. Just call me the Wrecker Blade”

Wrecker Blade or not, no one didn’t like being complimented like that. Eun Heelong continued with a smile.

“It’s nothing, but I wanted to get some help from kind sir.”

“My help?”

“Hm. That is...”

Heelong touched his chin and fell in his thoughts. After thinking for a bit, he continued

There were some useless information, but his story was this. He and his companions were trying to conquer an orc clan and was trying to find a companion that could help.

“With your skill, it would be a great help to us.”

Heelong’s voice had a lot of passion.

“Orc. If we clean those walking pigs, we can get a lot of profits. We have a companion from a mercenary guild. This is an official mercenary guild request. They will aid us with a big interdimensional pocket so we could get a lot of spoils. Also, if we succeed, we will get rewards as well that will be fairly split.”

As Sungmin looked curious, Heelong started to persuade directly.

It was a request from the guild and seeing that the group was being supported with a big interdimensional pocket, it was probably an decently important job.

“How many people?”

“It would be three. We have porters as well. If you help, it would be four.”

“Are they all martial artists?”

“There’s three that are martial artists, and one is a magician.”

“The porters...?”

“No Classes. They aren’t much help. But they’re useful as porters.”

Heelong said with a calm face. No much help. It was cold but accurate.

“...hmm...”

Sungmin thought. An orc clan conquest. It wasn’t possible with Sungmin alone, but with three martial artists and a magician, it wouldn’t be hard.

The orcs in Genavis weren’t that strong. There are other orcs in other areas that may be strong enough to counter second and third rate martial artists, but not these one. They were stronger than humans, but they were nothing compared to the professional martial artists.

Add on a magician?

He never learned magic himself, but he knew the strength of magic. Even with a low class magician, with time and conditions, magicians were powerful. With three martial artists blocking the front, the magician would be able to clean the orcs easily.

“Can I hear about the rewards?”

“They will give us 2,000,000 Erie.”

Because of his past experiences, he knew well about the mercenary guilds’ status. Every city had one. Saying truthfully about the Genavis’s guild, it was nothing compared to that other cities’. The monsters near Genavis were very weak, and the otherworlders who come to Genavis didn’t stay for long. The people who live here are mostly No Classes

So the guild here wasn’t really that good. That guild had requested conquest for 2,000,000 Erie. It may not be a lot of money to risk a life for, but that was usual for mercenary guilds.

They don’t give much money or rewards. Lives don’t matter to them...

‘But if we think about the spoils...’

He wasn't sure how useful the orc equipment might be, but orcs were very useful as magic ingredients. If he sold the spoils for a clan, there would get about 1,500,000 even with the guild taking part of it.

About 3,500,000. He didn't know how it would be split, but he would get at least 500,000.

"...How will they split it up?"

"By the number of people."

Heelong responded. Sungmin stayed silent. 500,000 Erie. It's pretty big for a No Class in Genavis. What do to? There was danger. He didn't know how much he could trust the group. Sungmin had no intention of trusting Heelong with his life.

Should he should take this as an opportunity or danger. Was there a reason to take it even with the danger?

"I'll take it."

Sungmin nodded after thinking.

He didn't really need money. He was getting profits after going to the woods, and he was saving them all up.

But money is useful all the time. That was true anytime. Sungmin didn't plan to be in Genavis for long. After 10 months, he was going to leave after winning the No Class tournament and getting the potion.

However, he still needed to save money. He had to get equipment after leaving Genavis so taking opportunities for money were important.

'I can't go into a guild now anyway.'

He couldn't have any other job to enter the No Class fight. It would be nice to enter a guild to get money, but he couldn't with that fight as the goal.

"Thank you."

Heelong's face brightened.

“I think going fast is the best way to do it. How about you? We’re all ready.”

“Right now?”

Sungmin asked surprised. He thought it was a bit too sudden. But Heelong laughed at Sungmin’s question.

“Haha! They’re only pigs. You, sir, don’t have anything to worry about.”

Then why did you ask? Sungmin didn’t like the confidence that Heelong was showing, but he didn’t show anything.

‘If it goes wrong, I can run.’

He had the confidence to run alone.

Following Heelong, Sungmin went outside the castle wall. On the road to the forest, there were Heelong’s companions.

“Isn’t he too young?”

The person who said it had a old face but was short. He was barely half a head different from Sungmin.

“I saw him use a speed technique. Even though he’s young, he has great strength and would be a great help to us.”

Heelong said. Sungmin went forward.

“I’m called Lee Sungmin. I don’t have any other nickname.”

“...hm. I’m called Small Monkey Do Sangrang.”

Small Monkey. He looked exactly like his nickname

“I’m called Black Knife Wangpe.”

The person wore a black martial arts clothes. He didn’t have any other item, but by his name, he seemed to use throwing knives.

“It’s Renis. I learned from the Belarus school... you don’t know where that is anyway.”

A girl magician wearing a purple robe came up to him. Of course, he didn’t know. There were way too many varying magic schools.

“...those people?”

Sungmin turned around. There were two men saying nothing behind them.

“Those are just porters so don’t worry about them.”

Heelong said. They bowed their head towards Sungmin. They were older than Sungmin, but in Eria, that didn't matter.

In Eria, Strength was law.

# Chapter 18

## Subjugation Request (2)

A mercenary was an opportunity seeker. Which opportunity would give the better profit, that was what mattered for mercenaries.

They don't trust companions. Usually, the rewards were split up by the number people, and there were quite many people thinking to kill the others to get the rewards alone.

Sungmin knew that. In this Subjugation request with Heelong, Wangpo, Do Sangrang, and Renis, Sungmin didn't trust them. He did get a request by them to help their mission, but he didn't think of them as companions.

'If there's weakness.'

If they do something.

Anyone could betray. That was true for Sungmin as well. They were 4, Sungmin was one. The numbers were true, and they could put Sungmin into a bad situation. Sungmin knew that.

Still,

The orc's village was deep in the forest. They were further than the goblin's village so they had to walk about half a day.

A speed technique would speed it up, but the martial artists didn't use it. He could guess why.

They weren't that strong. Eun Heelong looked to be the best, but even he was barely second rate. He didn't have that much inner strength, and he wasn't proficient enough to run with a technique through the mazy forest.

So the company walked quickly. To save energy for the fight.



Walking with them, Sungmin received a bit of information. He found out that Heelong acted as the leader through that.

And other information. The guild affiliate was Do Sangrang. He didn't know what his rank was, but Sungmin expected him to be about D to E rank. Second rate martial artists were usually that much.

Sungmin also had that much strength, but he was C rank. The only reason why he was C rank was because of experience. The experience lacking Do Sangrang was probably at best D rank.

The magician Renis was also in the guild. Seeing as they talked informal, they were probably the same rank.

Wangpe didn't talk much. Sungmin couldn't get a lot of information about him. But seeing the way that he acted towards Heelong, Wangpe and Heelong probably had some sort of relationship before this request.

The two No Classes.

They didn't introduce themselves or didn't talk. They only followed behind. Like the name porter, they were carrying heavy bags. It seemed like bags that were used to carry spoils that wouldn't fit in the interdimensional pocket.

"Ha... ha..."

"Ugh! Ugh!"

The No Classes were out of breath. It was natural. Walking through the forest was not an easy job. The sun was incredibly hot. Even the martial artists were sweating. It would be incredibly hard for the No Classes.

However, no one cared. They only looked back a few times to see that they were following well and screamed at them if they fell behind.

"How about resting for a bit?"

Sungmin finally said.

"Worrying about them will only make us fall behind. We can't leave them behind, and

we have been walking for a while, but I think it's best for us to rest for a while."

"I think that's right."

Heelong agreed. They went to a shade under the trees and rested. The No Classes tried to take hold of their breathes.

"Idiots."

Do Sangrang grumbled. Beside him, Renis sat down. Renis pulled out a small pocket. It was similar size to the one that Sungmin had.

"Is that the pocket that the guild supported with?"

It was a big interdimensional pocket. Even if the size was small, the magic that was on the pocket was probably incomparable to his.

She pulled out a few food items out of the bag. The No Classes pulled out their own food items are started to chew on it.

Sungmin bit on the bread that Renis had given. The bread was hot and squishy like it was just made.

"...Are they also in the guild?"

"Hmm?"

Renis tilted her head. Sungmin pointed towards the No Classes.

"Ah, those guys? Yeah. They're affiliated with the guild, but they aren't mercenaries."

Renis answered.

An Apprentice mercenary. It was basically a mercenary that couldn't do jobs alone. They don't get a rank, and they don't get any benefits of being a rewards.

The reason for their existence is to basically have them as a easy to order around worker. They were used in requests like these and did other small works in the guild.

"They probably entered, but they weren't enough skill to get a rank. So they became an

apprentice mercenary.'

The treatment against low rank mercenaries weren't good. It was even worse for unranked apprentices mercenaries. They were cursed and beaten at any second.

Sungmin started as a G rank mercenary. But he was beaten and hurt daily. The beatings and the cursings were toxic enough to make Sungmin think about suicide everyday.

He couldn't even think about how bad it would be for apprentice mercenaries if a G rank like him was treated that. Sungmin clucked his tongue as he started at the two men.

'They have to live.'

Even if it was a harsh job, they were given a resting place. They probably looked at that while applying for the job.

"How many orcs are in the clan?"

"About 50."

Do Sangrang answered. Orcs and Goblins were very reproductive. About a hundred were usual size for them.

Genavis was a little on the small side. 50 was the max.

"There won't be any danger. Orcs are stupid and idiotic."

Do Sangrang mocked. Sungmin didn't like overconfidence. Usually the people with that much confidence didn't have much strength to back it up.

They started to walk again. It was the orc area now. Sungmin came here a few times.

"Are we going in head first?"

"I was thinking that."

Sungmin sighed as he heard heelong's answer. Heelong said that, but Do Sangrang and renis was also agreeing with that.

‘These guys are crazy?’

“...isn’t that a bit rash?”

Sungmin added an opinion. He wanted to curse loudly but couldn’t.

“What’s rash?”

“One orc won’t be stronger than you guys. Yes. That’s true. But there are 50 of those guys.”

Sungmin chose his words carefully and tried to persuade them.

“If they keep pushing us, we will get tired.”

“You are very cautious.”

Heelong laughed and said. Sungmin didn’t know if it was a complaining tone or a mocking tone. He didn’t give much attention to it.

“There may be a lot of orcs, but they aren’t strong alone. They can’t use any skills or techniques.”

“Right, if I just get time, I can get them all with magic.”

Idiots. How are you guys mercenaries with those brains. It wasn’t surprising that Do Sangrang who didn’t have much experience with orcs was saying that, but Renis with that opinion was surprising. Renis was probably not used to actual battles and was an experience lacking magician.

“I fought with many orcs. Like Do Sangrang said, orcs aren’t that great. But those guys are in a group and are stupidly brave. If we are surrounded, it could be bad for us.”

Sungmin spit that out and looked at Renis.

“If the front line gets broken, you will be in great danger.”

You’ll be f\*cked, Sungmin stopped from saying that.

“...Hmm. What should be do?”

Heelong asked. Do Sangrang and Renis didn't have experience. Heelong and Wangpe weren't used to orcs. So the experience heavy Sungmin had to lead.

"...First, Renis, I don't know much, but could you tell me about Belarus's magic?"

"...Belarus uses wind magic. Even so... I don't know that many magic spells?"

Renis said with an embarrassed face. Sungmin accepted that fact. She followed the martial artists through the woods. The male apprentice artists were breathing heavily, but Renis was fine.

It made sense if Renis was a wind type magician. Magic is useful.

"...Ok."

Sungmin thought for a bit and nodded his head.

"Let's let the orcs come out."

He thought about the simulations. He didn't know that it would work for sure, but it wasn't a fluke that Sungmin rose from G rank to C rank. He still had that experience in his head.

"Orcs have a sense for their area. So Renis, could you please use magic near the clan and spread some odor towards them."

"Odor?"

"Yes. human odor. If they smell the human odor, they will come out to hunt the origin of the smell."

"Aren't I in danger then?"

Renis spit out. Sungmin shook his head.

"A few people will be ambushing them when the orcs come to your direction. In that time, you should use offensive magic to help the fight."

"Is that it?"

“No, We will pull them out of the village 2 times.”

Sungmin looked towards Renis and Do Sangrang.

“Don’t you have the flare?”

“...This?”

Do Sangrang pulled out a stick. It was a flare that mercenary guilds gave to mercenaries. If the top was taken up and friction was applied, fire would erupt, sprouting red smoke. It was used to ask for help or when the target was found.

“I’m going to use it a bit away from the village. If they see the smoke, the orcs will come out. You can look to see the orcs coming out and pull them out with Renis.”

“Are you going alone?”

“I’m not going to fight. I’ll come soon so don’t worry.”

“...Hmm...”

Heelong said. Then he shook his head.

“If you’re pulling the orcs out twice, it’s best for us to split into two. Sir, I’ll come with you.”

“...I’ll be glad then.”

Sungmin didn’t reject his generosity. So the company split into two. Sungmin and Heelong with one apprentice was going to pull out the orcs with a flare. Renis, Do Sangrang, and the other apprentice will be pulling the orcs near the village.

“Let’s go.”

Heelong said in an energetic voice.

# Chapter 19

## Subjugation Request (3)

“You, what’s your name?”

When he was walking with Heelong, Sungmin asked the apprentice mercenary that was following him

They were together for half a day, but Sungmin didn’t know the name or age of him. The only voice he heard really was the tired breathing.

“Yes? Me... me?”

The apprentice mercenary looked at Sungmin with surprise. His face was filled with sweat and dust. He could also see the wrinkles on the faces beyond that grime. It was the wrinkles that came with hardships than age.

“Who else could it be?”

Sungmin asked. Heelong looked at Sungmin, but didn’t say anything. Sungmin grumbled as the mercenary hesitated.

“It’s not a big secret to tell your name or anything. Why are you so hesitant?”

“Ah... I’m sorry.”

“There’s nothing to be sorry. I’m not in your guild.”

He could feel why the mercenary was so timid. Heelong or Renis was probably giving him trouble many times. Probably, not just them either, many of the guild members gave him trouble as well.

“So, what is your name?”

“It’s... Braus.”

Braus answered. Sungmin clucked his tongue at the timid Braus. It was his past self that he was seeing.

“Braus. To be fair, I have no confidence to protect you from the orcs.”

Braus whitened at that.

“Choose. Run away, or follow us.”

Sungmin was telling the truth. Sungmin was barely between the first rate and second rate. He could pull himself out of the fight, but he had no confidence to help Braus.

‘Don’t think Heelong is going to help.’

Heelong was just not listening. Sungmin thought that Heelong had a friendly and nice first impression, but that was just a first impression. It didn’t mean that Heelong was a friendly and nice person.

“Ru... n.”

Braus hesitated. Sungmin said to choose, but he knew that Braus wouldn’t run. Of course, Sungmin wouldn’t try to catch him if he did.

But where would he go. He can’t live in the forest, so he would have to go back. However, Braus didn’t have enough power to go back safely. If he somehow survived, what would he say to the guild?

“I can’t... run.”

Of course. He would get punished by the guild if he went back to Genavis. There was a reason why Sungmin told him his options.

“Since that is the case, don’t blame me if you die.”

Sungmin wanted to make an excuse for himself. Braus said that he was going to follow. Sungmin gave him a choice. Even if the answer was obvious."

They were lucky. There were no guards. Heelong, Sungmin, and Braus arrived at a pretty far away place. Sungmin pulled out the flare.



He had used it a few times before. When people were split apart, this does wonders. When people found something, when people used it to pull away monsters, when people used to ask for help. And.

When people were dying.

It was a simple reason. Get the body. Sungmin didn't use it when he was dying. It was just too sudden. He went into a dungeon that wasn't discovered, so there wouldn't be anyone coming anyway though.

'Hopefully no other mercenaries come.'

There was probably no one that morally good. Maybe if it was a teammate, but mercenaries weren't that morally good to help a person who let out a flare.

Smoke rose above.

"Do you think they will come here?"

Heelong asked. Sungmin turned his head towards Heelong as he saw the smoke.

"They will come."

Sungmin knew that orcs were going to come, but Heelong didn't know orcs that well.

Orcs were very careful about their territory. If something occurred in their area, they will come. They were completely simple creatures, so they wouldn't think that this was a trap.

'If we had more people, we could have used a trap.'

Three people can't build a trap for orcs. It would take way too long, and if it became night, it would be way too dangerous.

Even if they did succeed, they would lose a lot of strength building a trap.

"Let's hide."

Sungmin said. He then pulled out his interdimensional pocket.

“That...?”

Heelong said surprisingly. It was that face that he didn't know Sungmin would have one himself.

“I had an opportunity.”

Sungmin pulled out a huge water bottle. Then he poured in on the ground. The dirt became mud.

“What are you doing?”

“I'm going to mask my smell using dirt.”

“Ahh, good idea.”

Heelong complimented him. Sungmin rolled around the mud. Then Braus rolled, and then lastly, Heelong did as well.

“You seem to have a lot of experience for your age.”

“...I learned it from my master.”

“Great master.”

Heelong glanced once more at the interdimensional pocket. Sungmin remembered Heelong's glance.

Braus's body was shivering. He was terrified. Sungmin ignored that Braus and pulled out a spear from his pocket.

“You use a spear?”

“Yes.”

“I see.”

Heelong didn't say anything. Sungmin breathed as he looked around. Braus was lying between Sungmin and Heelong, and that was intentional.

Sungmin didn't trust Heelong.

Sungmin knew that glance of Heelong as he glanced at his pocket. Greed. It was plain greed. He couldn't trust someone like that.

"Uck!"

A sound came.

About ten orcs were coming out towards the smoke. Sungmin checked the equipment of the orcs that were coming. They all looked strong and had weapons. They were young orcs.

'It was about 50 orcs. If half are girls and young and old orcs... that's still a lot of orcs.'

Orcs were a male dominant society. The girl orcs didn't fight and were not warriors.

The old ones were the same. Orcs usually held a large body for a long time, but then old age catches up to them quickly. Orcs don't care about the old people and have no respect to them. They are considered useless and, if in an emergency, are used for food.

Orcs do eat other orcs as well.

'A clean sweep is better... but leaving girls and the old ones still make it easier.;

The number of orcs did bother him, but the plan was a success because he pulled the warriors out. The guild request was the subjugation of the orc village.

"Let's go."

"Wait."

Heelong stopped him.

"How about we put the porter first?"

"...yes?"

"Using the porter, we can distract them. Then we can attack them."

Heelong's offer wasn't a bad idea. If they sent Braus, orcs would definitely kill him. Their attention will be divided, and Sungmin and Heelong could easily defeat them.

Braus's face whitened. His lips were shaking. He probably wanted to scream... but he couldn't. Heelong's hand was suddenly covering Braus's mouth.

“...”

Sungmin stayed silent. He didn't have any obligation to save Braus's life. But he didn't want to agree on a plan that would push Braus into death.

Because Sungmin was also a No Class.

“Is there a reason to?”

“This is better.”

“I'll go first.”

Sungmin said. To that, Braus's eyes widened and Heelong looked at Sungmin. Sungmin confirmed again with that glance. Heelong wasn't a good natured guy.

“Do that then.”

Heelong said. Sungmin ignored Braus's attention and swallowed his breath. There were thirteen orcs.

Can he do it?

He had to.

Generosity, or was this pity. He didn't really have any relationship with Braus. They were just No Classes. That was just the reason.

He had no obligation to save him.

He did say that, but if Braus was being attacked, Sungmin would have helped him.

He was that sort of person.

Sungmin ran forward. The Amethyst Cloud filled his body. The inner strength boiled inside of him and ran through his blood.

This was the truth. If Sungmin didn't get the inner strength from Wijihoyun, he wouldn't have tried to help Braus. That was it. If a situation didn't harm him, if he could survive it, he could help with his goodwill.

It wasn't also just goodwill. There was point to show his strength first.

When the orcs had turned around to Sungmin, Sungmin had already broke through an orc's throat with a spear. The orc died without a scream. He pulled it quickly and swung it against an orc's head. Bap! The orc's head broke.

"Ack!"

"Ack!"

The orcs screamed. Sungmin took his posture. The orcs didn't try to rush him. Even if they were stupid and dumb, they weren't dumb enough to rush a person who just came out the bush and killed two of their kind.

The orcs came forward. The front line was filled with young and brave orcs. They wrinkled their face and pointed their weapons threateningly...

Sungmin held his spear carefully. The spear was long. Since that was the case, he could attack first with the length. That was the basics of spear techniques. How to use the length and how to keep it.

It was basic. Before the opponent comes close, kill them first.

That was Wijihoyun's explanation. That was easy to say but not to do. Something easy for Wijihoyun is not easy for Sungmin. They were just different people.

"Ack!"

An orc ran forward. Sungmin widened his eyes. Sungmin strengthened his posture.

Chase Soul Technique.

Babap! A spear broke through the three orcs. He didn't have enough strength. Or

timing. It was the body's weakness. He broke through 2 orc's chest, but not the third.

He intended for 'that'. An amateur spear technique. He was showing that to Heelong. He was showing the rank of the technique to him. It would leave an impression on him.

If he would use the impression or not. Sungmin didn't care either way.

He used the Chase Soul. Speeding up his body, he pushed the spear with his left hand. Bck! The spear that was half way in broke through the orc's body.

'I killed five. The number left is... '

Eight. The bush behind Sungmin shook.

"I will help!"

Eun Heelong. That cheeky b\*stard yelled with bravery.

# Chapter 20

## Subjugation Request (4)

“You're a master!”

Heelong laughed as he said. Sungmin breathed hard as he glared at Heelong's face. The fight was over. The 13 orcs were all defeated and on the ground.

“Thank you.”

Lee Sungmin answered as he pulled off the skin and blood on his spear. Braus was crawling out from the bushes. He looked at the orc's corpse with horror,

“Ugh!”

He shut his mouth with his hand, feeling like he was going to throw up. Heelong clucked his tongue and muttered to Braus.

“So weak. Hey! Stop vomiting and come over here and collect the bodies. That is... take the eyes?”

“Y, yes...”

Braus came slowly as he finished vomiting. If they had the pocket that the guild had given them, they would have been able to collect all the orcs. But the pocket was with Renis and Do Sangrang.

Braus pulled out a knife. He shivered as he walked towards the bodies and started to take out the eyes. There was no worth in the eyes. Just for proof of the task.

“I'll help you.”

Sungmin came over because of Braus's slow speed.

“Do you have another knife?”

“Ah, yes. Here.”

Sungmin easily took out the eyeball, and Braus took the eyeballs that Sungmin gave him into a bag. Heelong who was watching from far away said.

“You are a very just person.”

“Not really.”

Sungmin answered as he rubbed the blood on his hand on his shirt.

He just had to wait. The flare would be blown from Do Sangrang’s side.

There was a flare.

“You seem to be very different from your outside self. You are very careful and have a lot of experience.”

“I learned from my master.”

“A great master. If you continue growing like this, you will be a person spreading his name to the entire world.”

Heelong and Sungmin said as they were walking towards the flare. Sungmin was walking behind Heelong.

“Thank you.”

“Haha, I’m just saying what I’m thinking of. Now, let’s go. They’ll be waiting.”

The distance was far, but it didn't take that long to reach them. When they came to the place of the smoke, there were bodies of orcs. A dozen of orcs were lying dead on the ground.

“How was your side?”

Sitting on a rock, Do Sangrang said. He seemed tired. Renis was also sitting next to him and, looking at her pale face, she looked tired as well.

“I got them all.”



Heelong answered. When they answered, Heelong and Wangpe exchanged glances. Sungmin, who was behind Heelong, could see the glance that Wangpe gave. Wangpe closed one eye, and it looked like a signal.

‘...look at this?’

It was a signal. That meant that Heelong and Wangpe weren’t skilled enough to use soundwaves to exchange signals.

There was no confirmation that it was anything. It could be that Wangpe's eye was itchy.

But Sungmin didn’t let that go easily. Suspicion leads to preparedness.

First, think of the relationship. Do Sangrang and Renis were in the same guild. They came with the request, and they had to finish the request.

Braus was the same, being with the guild.

But Heelong and Wangpe? They weren’t in the guild. Listening to their story, Do Sangrang looked to find companions to work with, and Heelong and Wangpe joined up.

‘They know each other.’

That was true. It wasn’t enough to confirm his suspicions, but Sungmin kept the suspicion in mind. The problem was what were they after.

“Now, let’s go clean up the rest.”

Heelong said with an energetic voice. Do Sangrang and Renis didn't seem ready yet, but they nodded their heads and got up.

“Fighting them wasn’t that hard.”

‘Idiot, trying to acting tough.’

Sungmin fought hard not to laugh at Do Sangrang. Do Sangrang got tired after fighting a couple of orcs. Seeing that Renis had time to cast spells and Sangrang still got tired, they would have been eliminated if they went inside the orc village like they originally

planned.

But there was no worries anymore. Because of the two fights, there wouldn't be any warriors left. The old and females weren't dangerous, and the only other danger would be the children orcs.

"You are right. Orcs, they're nothing."

Heelong answered.

"To the point of uselessness."

Heelong added. It was that moment. Wangpe's hand flew up. Sch! Wangpe's sleeve shook and a black throwing knife shot out.

"Ack!"

Renis screamed. She looked at the knife that was deep in her chest in horror. She opened her mouth as to say something, but only blood flew out.

"Hmm?"

As he was walking beside Renis, Do Sangrang's eyes opened up. In that moment, Heelong pulled out his knife and ran towards Do Sangrang.

Pang! Sungmin's spear blocked the knife. Do Sangrang moved away slightly, and Sungmin wrinkled his face with the effort of resistance.

"Being a nuisance."

Heelong muttered. He said that, but he looked surprised that Sungmin was able to react this fast.

'I thought so, B\*tch.'

Sungmin's face wrinkled. It was a relief that he was on guard. If he wasn't, he wouldn't have been able to react at all.

"Eu, Eun. What is...?"

Idiot. Sungmin regarded Du Sangrang as pitiful. Renis was killed and he still didn't understand the situation yet?

"Just leave this world pleasantly."

Heelong said, and Wangpe moved. Sch! A knife went towards Do Sangrang. Surprised, he quickly moved his body. The knife barely missed Do Sangrang's shoulder.

"You!"

Do Sangrang screamed as he finally understood. He ran towards Wangpe with bare hands. Do Sangrang doesn't use weapons. He seemed to specialize in close fighting.

"Let's listen to them first."

Sungmin said with a bit of relaxation. Do Sangrang and Wangpe. They looked to be of similar skill, but Wangpe looked calm compared to the tired Do Sangrang. That was because of the difference in types of martial arts. Wangpe stood far away throwing knives, while Do Sangrang was in the front line fighting orcs. Do Sangrang was obviously more tired.

But he would still win against Wangpe. The martial arts that they used were just that different.

"It's nothing."

Heelong muttered. He moved backwards with a cautious expression. Heelong saw Sungmin's skill while walking with him. Even though Sungmin was young, Heelong knew Sungmin wasn't an easy opponent. If it was up to him, he would have killed Sungmin first, but there just wasn't an opportunity like that

"That pocket they got from the guild. We would get so much money just by selling that."

"I see."

Of course. He first thought it was to take all the rewards for the request for themselves. But that wasn't possible. If Do Sangrang or Renis dies, Wangpe or Heelong wouldn't get any money to the guild even if they gave proof of success.

So, the only profit they would gain is the pocket. Heelong was right. If it was that big of a pocket, it would sell for a lot of money.

“B\*stards, You’re being stupid.”

Sungmin laughed at him as he mocked them. Heelong was surprised at the change in attitude.

“...what?”

“You’re being stupid, B\*stards. Sell the pocket that the guild funded? Haha! Being brave is being stupid, that fits you.

Sungmin sincerely mocked him. With that, Sungmin felt glad towards Heelong. There would suddenly be more money to him because of lack of people.

“...what are you saying?”

“You idiot. If you think the pocket is that easy to sell, why do they give it out so easily? Hm? Why don’t the guild members just run off with it? Hmm?”

Sungmin knew this because of his past life. He knew how stupid it was to try and run off with an item that a guild gave.

“You die if you run, idiot.”

Guild wasn’t stupid or idiotic. The reason why they funded an expensive thing like the pocket was because they had confidence that they would be able to get it back.

There was a tracking magic in all of the support items. Therefore, if someone ran, a tracker would be on them

“With your skills, you’re barely second rate. You’re not even close to first rate. Right? You’re a C rank in a guild. But then... if you run with that, there would be A ranks, maybe even better, coming after you.”

The ranks were basically ordered by strength. The second rate skills were only second rate no matter how good. C rank. Some made it to B rank, but that was because of the experience.

Usual B ranks had first rate skills. The best of the best were given the A rank.

“S ranks are the real masters. With your skill, you think you can escape someone like that? Hahaha! Sell that? Nonsense. You’re dead before you’re even out of this forest.

“...You b\*tch...!”

Heelong’s face wrinkled because of Sungmin’s mockery...

“Why. It hurts getting hit by facts?”

Sungmin’s hand pushed the spear. Pak! Heelong ran forwards. He took his steps and tried to close the distance.

Remembering Wijihoyun’s advice, Sungmin moved back.

The Amethyst Cloud ran through his body.

# Chapter 21

## Subjugation Request (5)

Like starting a car.

Vrrm! The Amethyst Cloud moved through his body. Sungmin opened his eyes wide and looked at Heelong's movements. Heelong didn't try to attack when Sungmin moved back.

Heelong's actions came to be a waste, but there was no backing off. They had already killed Renis. I'm sorry. It was an accident. It was our fault. Even if they laid out excuses, there would be no convincing the guild.

Kill to shut the mouths of witnesses.

Heelong and Wangpe chose that. They wouldn't be able to take the pocket, but they would be able to take the spoils they had collected.

Heelong thought of the pocket that Sungmin had. He didn't know how good the magic was, but it would be good money if he sold it.

"Ack!"

Wangpe and Do Sangrang were fighting in the back. Depending on who wins, either Sungmin or Heelong was in a bad situation.

Heelong was nervous. Sungmin was turned around so he couldn't see the fight, but Heelong was looking at the fight. Wangpe used throwing knives, and it was very bad in close fighting. It was too short to be swung around.

Throwing knives were also used once and were gone after being used. The true masters had ways of collecting the used knives and had ways of close fighting with them. Wangpe just wasn't that skillful. He was also just a second rate.

Seeing that Wangpe did not kill Do Sangrang in the beginning with his throwing knives, it had basically shown the result. The only thing Wangpe could do was to hope

that Heelong kill Sungmin quickly and come and help him.

‘Do Sangrang is in a better position.’

Sungmin knew without even looking back. Seeing the throwing knife user missing his first knife called the end. With Wangpe's skill, it would just be stalling.

‘Nervousness.’

Heelong’s face had that. Unlike the calm Sungmin, Heelong was nervous because he was seeing the fight. He wouldn’t be able to keep calm.

That makes him attack first.

“Hac!”

Heelong moved forwards. The distance was 7 steps. Heelong had to move 4 steps to get to Sungmin.

If Sungmin was fully grown, he would be able to fight outside of Heelong’s range. But his body wasn’t fully grown yet.

Still, the spear had an advantage that he could use.

He looked at Heelong’s stance. He predicted how he was going to attack. Heelong’s arm moved to the side and started to move. Sungmin moved his foot forward and shot his spear.

“Huck!”

Heelong moved back awkwardly. Sungmin moved his hand’s position on the spear and moved his feet. Sch!!! Sungmin’s spear shot out multiple times.

Heelong could only dodge when he was moving backwards in the attacking position.

His spear techniques were trash according to Wijihoyun, but they still worked on similarly skilled foes.

Sungmin had better power than Heelong’s. Amethyst Cloud gave an explosion of inner strength, which would flow through the body, strengthening the body. His inner

strength wasn't that great before, but it became better with Wijihoyun's help.

Kang! Heelong's knife hit Sungmin's spear. Heelong was attacking to try and stop moving backwards. Sungmin firmly held onto the spear. Pale faced, Heelong quickly ran forward to Sungmin. He moved his right arm and tried to stab him.

That moment.

Sungmin stabbed his spear forward and let go of it. The spear moved forward outside of Sungmin's grasp. Heelong's eyes widened. He didn't think that Sungmin would let go of the spear in this time.

Heelong quickly twisted his body. To that, Sungmin pulled out a knife on his back.

He didn't borrow the knife from Braus for no reason. Sungmin had a knife, but there was a reason that he couldn't use it.

"Uck!"

Heelong's stance tilted. Sungmin's knife barely slicked Heelong's arm. After that, Heelong tried to counter immediately.

"...Ugh!"

Heelong's face paled. His hand shook hard and suddenly let go of the knife.

"Y... you... what..."

"Poison."

Sungmin answered. He put a strong immobilizing poison on the knife on his back.

Sungmin walked towards Heelong.

"...wa... it... please..."

"Shut up."

Sungmin swung the spear. The spear broke Heelong's shoulder. Heelong screamed loudly. Sungmin did the same thing to Heelong's shoulders and knees.



He wanted to kill him, but it was probably best to bring him to the guild. The guild would do whatever they wanted to him.

“Are you done?”

He heard a voice from his back. Do Sangrang was looking at Sungmin with a tired face. Wagpe was lying bloodily on the ground. He had thought he had not heard any fighting, Do Sangrang had beaten Wangpe to death.

“Yes.”

“...amazing. I ignored you because you were young... you seem stronger than me.”

“You’re very modest.”

Sungmin answered. Do Sangrang sighed. He looked at Renis’s body with sadness.

“...what do we do about the orcs?”

“Let’s clean them up after we rest for a bit.”

Sungmin answered.

“We should be able to clean them up with only two of us. The warriors are mostly dead.”

“...ok. Let’s do that.”

He answered, but Do Sangrang was already scared of Sungmin. At the age of 14, who was that cold? Even if it was only for half a day, a companion that they had been talking to was dead and two had betrayed them.

“Heelong. I’m going to take him to the guild.”

“...yes.”

“Renis and Wangpe. Let’s put the bodies in the pocket. Ah, and put the orcs near here. Braus. Stay here so Heelong doesn’t do anything stupid.”

“Ah, yes? Ah... yes.”

“You don’t have to be scared. I broke his joints, so he won’t be able to move at all even if the poison stops.”

“Uh... uh...”

Just then, Heelong fell and wiggled on the ground as if to prove it. Do Sangrang had to ask.

“You. Are you really just 14?”

“Yes.”

Sungmin answered with a casual tone.



The sun had almost gone down when they cleaned up the village. They would have burned the village, but the guild didn’t request that so they left it alone.

‘I don’t know how long it would last.’

Sungmin rubbed his nose and thought. He did kill the orcs in the village, but the orcs nearby would move here knowing that the village orcs was gone. They reproduce fast. The village would be repopulated again.

Sungmin didn’t care too much. The guild, or the hunters, would take care of that.

“Let’s go. The sun is going down...”

Do Sangrang opened his mouth when he moved the corpses in the bag. Sungmin came towards Braus. Braus was standing on guard cautiously. Heelong was wiggling beside him.

“Disgusting.”

Do Sangrang grumbled. He spat out looking at Heelong’s butt, reeking of odor.

Braus and the other apprentice mercenary carried Heelong, and they left the forest quickly. Then, Sungmin and Do Sangrang carried Heelong from the middle. It was to escape the forest quickly before night.

“Are you going to report as soon as we get there?”

They had gotten out of the forest. Do Sangrang nodded. He was tired because he hadn't stopped to eat or rest, but there was no reason to not report.

The guild was near the north wall. The first floor was the restaurant, and the second floor had the office.

“You should eat something.”

“I'll eat when I get back to my inn.”

Sungmin answered. He felt that Wijihoyun was waiting for him.

“...Uh...”

When Do Sangrang was carrying Heelong up to the second floor, Braus went up to Sungmin. Looking at the other apprentice, he bowed his head to Sungmin.

“...Thank you for everything.”

“Why?”

Sungmin asked.

“If... it weren't for you. I would have died to the orcs. Even if I did survive, I would have died to Heelong or Wangpe.”

“Don't be thankful to me. Just think that you were lucky.”

Sungmin said. Then Sungmin wondered slightly.

What would happen if he gave the Genuine Heavens to Braus?

He didn't really need it because of the Amethyst Cloud.

‘No.’

Braus was already becoming 30. Even if he did learn it... there would be no use. It was the matter for most No Classes. Unless they had a great opportunity, they wouldn't be

able to fix their terrible situation. Especially for older ones like Braus.

“Sungmin.”

Do Sangrang moved down from the second floor. He didn’t know when they became so friendly, but Sangrang acted close to Sungmin.

“Go up.”

“Yes? What is it?”

“That is...”

Do Sangrang had a strange expression.

“The president wants to see you.”

# Chapter 22

## Goal (1)

The president of the Genavis mercenary guild.

In his past life, he had never been in the mercenary guild. He wasn't skillful enough so he never even thought of doing so. It was only after he left Genavis that he attempted to become a mercenary.

'Of course.'

But he wasn't fazed. This request wasn't just a regular one; there were issues with it. An orc village conquest was an important job for the Genavis guild.

And the issues.

It was probably not fixed by just reporting, and it was directly reported to the president.

14 year old.

Martial artist.

It was common to be a martial artist. Do Sangrang was one himself.

But it wasn't common for a martial artist to be a mercenary.

"Your young."

Sungmin heard that as soon as he opened the door. There were cigarette odors permeating the room. A middle age man with a huge build and thick glasses looked from his desk.

"I'm Dox, the president of the Genavis guild."

"...It's Lee Sungmin."

Sungmin said while saying the posture. Dox looked at Sungmin's face and asked.

"There's many things I want to ask, but I'll ask one thing first. Why did you lie?"

"...Yes?"

"You're not a martial artist."

Dox tapped his glasses that was on his nose.

"Do you know about artifacts?"

"...Somewhat."

An artifact was an object with magic on it. Sungmin's interdimensional pocket was an artifact.

"These glasses are an artifact. If you wear them, they tell you the person's class. Your class... is a No Class. It's hard to believe."

Dox muttered. He was surprised, but Sungmin didn't show it. If he was caught, he was caught. He couldn't be flustered by something like this.

"A No Class learned martial arts... that's not hard to believe. Aren't No Classes popular these days. The martial skeleton from the surgeon and learning martial arts is possible."

"...You know well."

Sungmin sighed. He had to.

"Why did you lie?"

"I thought it wouldn't make sense."

Sungmin answered. Dox nodded his head.

"That is true. It's true for me actually. You. How long has been since you came here?"

"...are you questioning me? I don't think I caused a crime to be questioned..."

“Ah, I see. I’ll apologize to that. I’m not in the position to question you. You’re not in the position to be questioned either.”

Dox agreed on his mistake nonchalantly. It seemed not of place because of his huge size, but to Sungmin it wasn’t. Not all mercenaries are politie. Most of them were, but usually a president was an intelligent man.

‘There are idiots in the heads of the mercenaries though.’

He knew from experience.

“I just thought it was strange that you would lie. Well... it’s not something I don’t believe so. Well, i’ll ignore that. That’s not important.”

Dox muttered and put his hand under the desk. Then, he pulled out an envelope.

“The money is 2,000,000 Erie. But... there were troubles. So two survivors. I gave 100,000 Erie to the apprentices and the 1,800,000 goes to you twol. Do Sangrang said.

It was because of you that you were able to eliminate those b\*stards.”

That was surprising. Do Sangrang said something like that. Sungmin never knew that Do Sangrang would emphasize his role in the quest.

“Do Sangrang agreed. To give you 1,000,000 while he gets 800,000 Erie. And to the spoils as well. There’s going to be at least 600,000. You can get 400,000 as well.

“...Can you do that much for me?”

“I have nothing to do with it. Do Sangrang said that.”

Dox said.

“Let’s stop this and I want to get to the point.”

“Yes?”

Sungmin pretended that he didn’t know. He said that, but he knew why Dox brought him here.’

“Don’t you have any thought of becoming a mercenary?”

It was that.

“Do Sangrang said. You are between the second and first rate, very close to the first rate. That’s surprising. Much surprising if you’re a No Class as well.”

Dox touched his glasses.

“You’re very young. If you keep growing like this, you’re going to be a first rate, and maybe even become a master depending on the effort.”

“...that... is true?”

Sungmin answered. He knew that wasn’t easy. To Dox who didn’t know Sungmin, Sungmin was probably a genius. Even though he wasn’t.

“If you become a mercenary, we’re going to give you a D rank. If you complete a few tasks, you will definitely get up to C rank. If you get up to a first rate, you could be a B rank. How is that?”

Dox asked. Sungmin stayed silent for a while. It wasn’t bad. If he became a D rank, it would give him enough money to live without taking any request.

“...Thank you for the offer...”

But Sungmin refused. He couldn’t be a mercenary. He needed the Intelligence Potion that the No Class Fight would give him. He needed that to bring his inner strength up. A mercenary couldn’t compete in that.

“What a shame.”

Dox nodded. He didn’t offer anymore and handed the money envelope.

“If you change your mind, come back again.”

“...thank you.”

Sungmin put the money in his pocket. Dox muttered as Sungmin walked away.



“You're not like your age.”

“Yes?”

“You aren't like a 14 year old. Well, incidents change your mind. If I was summoned at a young age, I would have gone crazy.

Dox seemed to understand. Sungmin smiled bitterly and left the guild.

‘I need to grow older.’

Everything aside, the acting like a young kid was killing him.



“Why were you so late?”

He heard grumbles as soon as he came in the inn. It was Wijihoyun. She was looking with a mad face towards Sungmin. Sungmin looked at the food on the dishes.

“Why didn't you eat?”

“My friend isn't here, so why would I?”

“You could...”

Was that a reason. Sungmin wanted to disagree, but he pushed the thought deep down.

“You smell like blood.”

Sungmin sat in front of Wijihoyun. Wijihoyun twitched her nose and muttered.

“Why'd you kill a person?”

“It's nothing. Someone tried to kill me.”

“Really?”

Wijihoyun seemed uninterested. She picked up the bread and put it in her mouth.

“I thought about it.”

Lula gave Sungmin his dinner. Wijihoyun opened her mouth as Sungmin picked up his fork.

“It will take about a month for me to fix the High Heavens. I will give you that, and when you seem good with it... I’m leaving.”

Sungmin’s hand stopped.

“...Really?”

“Why. Is it a shame?”

“...I don’t want to stop you”

Sungmin sighed and muttered. The past Wijihoyun only stayed in Genavis for a month. It was only because of Sungmin that she was staying here.

“I thought about it.”

Wijihoyun said.

“You have a goal. To get the position is your goal. Then you will leave here. I was wondering if I should wait for you and leave together.”

Sungmin didn’t say. He knew generally what she would say.

“But I can’t. Why do you think that?”

“I won’t be a help to you.”

Sungmin thought. That was true for Sungmin. Sungmin was weak. He had no talent. But what was Wijihoyun. She was a genius. She was learning the techniques that completed a genius.

“You’re wrong.”

Wijihoyun answered. Her eyes turned cold.

“I don’t like that part about you at all.”

Wijihoyun spit out.

“...what is that?”

“Inferiority.”

Wijihoyun’s voice was cold, and it was a sharp knife. Sungmin’s correct answer was wrong to Wijihoyun, but Wijihoyun’s answer was right to Sungmin. ‘Inferiority.’ filled through Sungmin’s mind.

“You don’t help me? So that’s why I’m leaving? Why do you think that?”

“It’s true.”

“Yes. You are weak. If I stay with you, I’m going to have to protect you. But that’s not the reason.”

Wijihoyun’s eye’s narrowed sharply.

“If I stay with you, you won’t grow anymore.”

If Sungmin went along with Wijihoyun, she would fix the problems that Sungmin had.

“Your past life is holding you back. It’s not good. The inferiority is holding you back.”

“...what do you want to say. Your friend is the Small Pegasus Wijihoyun.”

Wijihoyun’s voice had some feel to it. Her voice was low, but it delved deep into Sungmin’s feelings.

“You’re learned techniques are one of the best, and the High Heavens that you will be learning is one of the best spear techniques in the world. That technique, I am fixing it for you.”

“...It was you who said that i lacked talent. No matter how much you fix it, I might not be able to learn it.”

“Have you tried?”

Wijihoyun asked.

“Did you past self say? It’s impossible. Did it?”

“...it’s better to understand your situation than to get your hopes up...”

“That is inferiority.”

“You won’t know. You’re a genius.”

Sungmin mocked.

“How would a genius know a non genius?”

“True. I am a genius, so I don’t know you completely.”

Wijihoyun agreed on that.

“But I don’t like your attitude of giving up because of your inferiority before even trying it. Do I look irresponsible?”

“Yes.”

“You looked well. I am irresponsible.”

This b\*tch. What was she trying to say. Sungmin glared at Wijihoyun.

“Don’t think that it will be the same as your past life. You started over, and you’re going in the opposite direction from it.”

“It doesn’t change the person I am.”

“No, people change.”

Wijihoyun disagreed immediately.

“You changed. I changed. The few months here changed me. Sungmin didn’t know the Wijihoyun from her life. But Wijihoyun knew.

“Everything could change from your past life. The you before and you now are

different, the things that you before and the you now will face are going to be different. How would the same result come out then.”

Sungmin couldn’t refute what she said.

“Talent.”

Wijihoyun shook her head.

“You can’t get something that you don’t have... but. You can’t do anything with your inferior self. First, you.”

Wijihoyun pointed at Sungmin.

“You need a goal. I said before. What do you want to do with your life.”

“You did.”

“You said before. A life better than before. Yes. That’s easy. Your life is going to better no matter what happens. But you won’t be happy with just that.

That was true. Humans were like that without a concrete goal. He knew what happens now and later, so he wasn’t happy enough.

“You gain strength from opportunities. But, you don’t know what to do with that strength. Isn’t that you? You’re thinking of how your life isn’t going well.”

Sungmin tried to refute again, but closed his mouth. It was true.

“Of course, you will try. With a general goal. So what you need... is a real goal.”

“...what goal?”

Sungmin sighed. To that, Wijihoyun didn’t hesitate and put her hand on her chest.

“Me.”

Wijihoyun said with strength...

“Make me your goal.”

# Chapter 23

## Goal (2)

How would he take that? Sungmin stayed quiet and only stared at Wijihoyun. She looked with confidence and continued.

“I lived for 13 years and became famous. Isn’t that good enough. I’m not dying for another 13 years.”

“We don’t know.”

“No, I won’t. I can’t. I’m not going to live my earned freedom for only 13 years. I’m going to live a long, long time.

Wijihoyun said with a huge energy. Then she looked back at Sungmin.

“You are like a boat with no destination travelling the big ocean. You move with no destination, following the wind. Is that traveling? That’s called drifting.”

It was hard to disagree. Sungmin knew that he didn’t have a goal. No, if he was truthful, he was scared of making a goal. The 13 years had given him experience, but it had also given him limits.

Knowing the present and knowing the future limited him. He had no talent. He knew that. He was going to stay a second rate for 10 years.

“You can’t go anywhere because you are drifting aimlessly. So you need a goal. ‘Me’”

It made sense. Wijihoyun... was one of the strongest otherworlders. To the point where even if he practiced for lifetime, he might not get anywhere.

That made Sungmin negative.

“Even if I made you my goal, it doesn’t make me you...”

“Did you try?”

Wijihoyun spit out.

“Please don’t say anything that you haven’t tried”

“No, you don’t say anything irresponsible. I can’t do it. No. I have no talent. We have different starting lines. You have gotten so much aid because of your amazing genius talent. You were fed so many potions and you lived in a place where grace techniques were laid over the place. Isn’t that why you’re here, Small Pegasus Wijihoyun.”

Sungmin’s words had malice in them. No matter how much he tried to forget or not remember or not care, Wijihoyun was that person.

“But I’m not.”

It was also self knowing information.

“I didn’t have anything. It was the same before. I was summoned with nothing, with no talent. That was how I was summoned, completely barehanded. You left this city in one month. I lived here for three years. I attacked rabbits and boars, risked my life for goblins, and moved in fear away from orcs. That was how I lived for three years. In the new city, I survived by hard labor in mercenary guilds.”

Wijihoyun didn’t say anything. She listened to Sungmin’s story.

“That is me. I lived 13 years to be a second rate martial artist. A C rank mercenary. Then... I died. I’m back. That me...”

“You are a second rate martial artist.”

Wijihoyun opened her open.

“It took you 3 months to be a second rate martial artist. You are true. I started as a genius and got a lot of aid. But what about you. You learned the Amethyst Cloud. You got 20 percent of me inner strength. You will learn spear techniques as well.”

Wijihoyun shook her hand.

“Is that not good enough? Then I’ll give you more. What do you want. Outside strength? Or fist techniques? Anything else. If you want something, I’ll teach you.”

“...I don't want anything.”

Sungmin answered. A spear technique and Amethyst Cloud. That was enough. He didn't have confidence to learn any more.

“You got opportunity as well. Let's say talent is inevitable, because of your lack of goals, you aren't going to be working as hard... isn't it a waste to spend your second life like this.”

Wijihoyun picked up a cup beside her. She drank the milk inside of it.

“Well, maybe that's just my thinking. Useless interventions, I guess. It's your life, so there's no reason for me to make a goal. Sorry. I said...”

“Shut up.”

Sungmin spit out. He made a fist. Everything that Wijihoyun had said stuck in his heart. When Sungmin cut her off, Wijihoyun's eyes widened.

“Are you that mad? I'll properly apologize...”

“Yes, I'm mad. To hear something like this from a 13 year old.”

His pride was hurt. That was true.

But he was truly hurt because,

“I will make you my goal.”

Sungmin stared at Wijihoyun. The reason why he was so mad was at him who couldn't refute anything. He agreed to her words but couldn't say anything because of his pride.

“I will make you my goal, and I will practice after you leave. And when we meet again, I will stab my spear in your heart...”

“No, you can't do that. I'm gonna die then. How could you do that as friends?”

Wijihoyun immediately disagreed. Sungmin turned sour and changed his words.

“...Then... uh... I will... beat you...”



“Hmm. If it’s a fight, that’s fine. I’ll be waiting.”

And then Wijihoyun understood and smiled happily. Sungmin stared at the smiling Wijihoyun for a second.

‘Crazy.’

To have his heart beat slightly at a 13 year old girl’s smiling face. Wasn’t this a bit dangerous? Sungmin turned to avoid looking at her.

Then, he stopped going to the forest. He had enough money because of the money from the request and the money from the hunter. He had some that he was saving as well.

“You don’t have the basics down. It’s probably because you didn’t have a master helping you.”

When Sungmin didn’t go to the woods, Wijihoyun actively tried to help Sungmin. She helped him in the morning and fixed the High Heavens in the evening.

“The blade may be called the best for all situations, but that’s just nonsense from the blade users. Usual martial artists agrees. The spear is the best. It’s hard to fight someone with a spear.

Whi! Wijihoyun swung the spear.

“So it’s best to get the basics.”

Sungmin had to agree. It was true that he didn’t have any basics. He didn’t learn it from anyone and only learned it from the Chase Soul manual and practice.

“There are 4 parts to a spear. The end of the spear is the head. Below the head is the spear string. The wood is the spear body. The opposite of the head is the spear spike.

Bvm! She swung the spear. The red string below the head was swimming with it.

“The spear is a decoration and can be used to confuse the opponents.”

She kept swinging the spear. The red string swung around confusingly. The string was wavy compared to the actual spear. It did make the watcher look at the spear.

“If you want to use the spear, you have to use all of it. Use the spike as you would use the head. Use the string to confuse the opponent. Change where you hold the body and keep the distance.”

Sungmin nodded blankly. She took the proper stance after swinging it a bit.

“There are three basics to the stabbing. These are used in the famous spear techniques as basics. It could said to be the very basic. These can be used in anything. It is the ran, the na, and the zha.

The ran was an inner transmission while the na was a outer transmission. The ran bounced the attack outside while the na coiled the attack inside.

“The important thing is to not only use two arms. It doesn’t give enough strength.”

The zha was the stabbing.

“The length of the spear give sit the power. Change the position on the body. If you only use the middle, the power isn’t great enough.”

“...Hm.”

But the ran, na, zha is only the basics. It’s only the stabbing part. There are many different attacks with the spear. It’s also a club.”

She showed a few more actions and gave the spear to Sungmin and took a step back.

“Try it.”

“...What?”

“I showed you it. Try it.”

“If I could do what you did perfectly in one try, would I be irritating you by saying i have no talent?”

“When did I say to do it perfectly?”

She grumbled.

“Just try it. You have to try it to know.”

Sungmin lifted the spear. Wijihoyun said at that moment.

“Don’t use your inner strength.”

He didn’t pull up his strength and did the basics of the spear techniques. Wijihoyun said as she looked on.

“Again.”

And then.

Again, again, again. she continued to say that word, and he continued to swing the spear. He didn’t use his inner strength. Therefore, his body tired out easily, and he took heavy breaths.

“Again.”

“...Until when...?”

“When you get used to it.”

“Do you think that happens with just a few times...!”

“So do it again.”

She said with apathetic face.

“Continue that everyday, only that.”

At that, Sungmin saw the devil in her. He swung the spear even with his shoulders shaking. He was so tired. He was only using his body strength to swing the spear. The spear wasn’t light, and the basics weren’t that easy either.

“Don’t faint. If you think it’s too tiring, then take a rest. If you have energy left, then swing more.”

It felt like it was testing Sungmin’s perseverance. If he could do it or not, it was up to him. When he swung it 10 times, he really felt like he was going to die. His breath was

hard and his arms and legs... no, his whole body was dying. He wanted drink water and rest. He wanted to get wind in the shade.

He saw Wijihoyun's face in the shade. To that, he bit his lower lip.

He could do more. He seemed like he was going to die, but if he tried his hardest, he felt like he could swing a few more times.

So he did.

# Chapter 24

## Goal (3)

One month.

She said that she would be able to fix the High Heavens in a month, but it didn't work like that. The High Heavens was still a grace technique. It was one of the best spear martial arts.

No matter how much Wijihoyun was a genius, it was impossible to fix the High Heavens in only a month. Even if it was only remixing the difficulty, the process required extreme geniusness.

One month passed, but she still hasn't fixed the High Heavens. She was hurried though.

"It's taking a lot more than I thought. I'm going to have to stay a bit longer."

"Isn't it because of me?"

"I'm doing this for me. You don't have to stay that. Don't say that also."

She looked at Sungmin's face.

"You're too pessimistic by yourself."

"People don't change in one day."

It happens when you're bullied at a guild for 10 years. She would never know that feeling. Sungmin muttered and lifted himself up. Break time was over.

His body grew a lot in one month. By using only his body strength to swing his spear, it grew his muscles. That didn't mean that he wasn't practicing his techniques as well.

Because of the lack of hunting, Sungmin tried to practice on himself more. Wijihoyun tried to teach Sungmin in the time she didn't fix the High Heavens.

His spear technique's mastery grew a lot in only a month. His basics were bad because of not learning it properly.

"You don't need to use inner strength to use the force. It's basically only a efficient way of using power. Using inner power with that only increases the efficiency of it."

"I don't know if you say in words."

"Then would you like to be hit?"

She pouted and said. Sungmin closed his mouth quietly. Sh! The spear broke through the air.

"There are many types of the force. There's different types depending on the length. And the ways switch from there as well... it's gonna take way too long explaining all of it. There was a person called Jang Sambong who was the first person to get in depth about this stuff. He also died a long time ago though."

She muttered and lifted herself. She picked up the spear beside her.

"There are many types, but the purpose is the same. To use a lot of power out of little power. It's basically using the entire body strength not the just muscle strength. Using the tension, the rotational energy, the opponent's energy, everything is the basics, and inner power increases the efficiency of the strength."

Sungmin nodded. To that, she glared at him.

"Don't act like you understood when you didn't. I get confused."

"Yes. I have no idea what you're talking about."

"Then you have to learn. You have to mix in the force to the na, ran, and zhe. So then you get enough power than usual."

Then she sighed.

"It doesn't make sense. This world makes no sense. Using martial arts without knowing these things."

He has been hearing that a lot from her. Since beginning to learn properly from her,

Sungmin learned various things. Not really martial arts, but the information that was needed to use martial arts.

“You don’t know anything. How could someone who doesn’t know anything use martial arts...”

“How would I know if I didn’t learn it?”

“Don’t say it then.”

She grumbled. Sungmin’s face turned sullen as he practiced the postures that he learned. Then he suddenly thought of something and asked.

“How do you use telepathy?”

[Like this.]

She sent a message. Sungmin sighed and stopped swinging his spear.

“If I could do it right now, I would be a genius.”

“That’s true. You’re not a genius.”

She said with a pathetic face.

“But you’re not dumb either.”

“What?”

“You’re not dumb. You’re not a genius, but you’re not dumb either. Common... might be a bit better than common.”

She muttered to herself.

“You learn better getting taught than learning it yourself. It’s probably because you probably never learned alone.”

Sungmin’s face turned blank. Right. He had never learned like this from another person.

“Well, you could say it’s part of inner strength.”

“What kind of stupid thing is that. How do you do that?”

“Ugh...”

She told him carefully about how to use telepathy. He tried it on that note, but it didn’t work. He didn’t have enough inner strength.

Like that, he learned various things from her. When he was using the Amethyst Cloud, she gave him advice about using inner strength as well.

Really, the main reason why she didn’t finish the High Heavens in one month was because of using so much time to teach Sungmin. Sungmin opened his eyes after meditating.

“Why are you doing so much for me?”

Sungmin asked. When he was practicing the Amethyst Cloud, Wijihoyn was fixing the manual of the High Heavens in the corner of the bed. She turned around.

“Do you actually not know? It’s because...”

“Friend, don’t say that.”

“I don’t want to see you die.”

She changed her answer.

“You told me I was your goal. I can’t let you die to some random person.”

“Is that being nosy?”

“Say it’s being worried.”

She grumbled. She put down the pen and moved her neck side to side.

“...And I don’t want to leave any regrets behind. I’m going to leave soon.”

“...Regrets. What regrets.”



“You are my first friend.”

Her eyes turned clam. When she had those eyes, he didn't know if it was on purpose, but she had the aura of dominating the other person.

“Let's say it wasn't a coincidence, but my thoughts haven't changed. You are my first friend. So I want to care for you. For you, for me.”

He heard it many times. That Small Pegasus in his past life was a person like this. A girl, not a boy, who had huge generosity for someone with a background of the vice head of a cult. She was like that; she tried to keep someone that she had gotten once.

“It's a month. Twice the length that I said... but I'm leaving.”

“...where?”

“I don't know. I'm going to venture around. Like my previous self.”

She looked at Sungmin.

“You?”

“Me? I... will get the potion and go to the next city.”

Behengeru. A city that was about 4 days away from here. He had been a mercenary there.

“I see. When should we meet.”

She tilted her head.

“If I leave in a month, I will be wandering for a few years. Then I will be somewhere where ever I feel like. You and I have never met in 13 years.”

“We were in different places.”

“How about 10 years.”

She said.

“I was going to say 13 years, but since you don’t know what happened next, I think it’s best if we meet earlier. Let’s say 10 years. You choose the place. I don’t know this place.

“Tobes.”

He answered immediately.

“It’s one of the biggest and most modern city in Eria... we can meet there. When is the date?”

“3/14.”

She opened her mouth.

“It’s my birthday. I won’t forget it. You remember it. 3/14 in 10 years. You and I meet in Tobes.”

That meeting plan has been chosen in 10 years. It gave a goal to Sungmin. He won’t die before then. He must not die. No, he couldn’t just live though.

He had to make it his goal to be closer to her. He wouldn’t be anything close as just a first rate. Above that, he needed to go way above that.

He had many goals in his new life.

One was to get everything that he could using his past experiences. The martial skeleton. The Genuine Heavens. The potion. That wasn’t the end. There were other things left to get.

The second was to survive.

Third was Wijihoyun. To get stronger than her... he never thought that. There was so many things that they had different.

But, that was his goal.

When two weeks passed, she finished the High Heavens. She changed the difficulty and put in the beginning of the Chase Soul.

She had finished it, but she didn’t leave just yet.

“I said I was leaving in one month, so I’ll teach you the High Heavens for two week.”

So Sungmin was taught the High Heavens for two weeks. Then two weeks passed.

Sungmin and Wijihoyun stood across from each other behind Jack’s inn. She was leaving today. The 100,000 Erie for the inn fee. Sungmin gave her that as well. She had on the martial arts clothes, Jack’s bag, food on the journey. No weapon. She didn’t use weapons.

“I’ll give you 20 seconds.”

She put down the bag. A fight. Wijihoyun asked for it first. He didn’t reject it.

He knew the result. There was no way that he could win at this point. The result didn’t change with him getting the first 20 seconds. No matter how many spear stabs, he wouldn’t even be able to wound her.

He knew, but he stood here.

He wanted to see the skill of Wijihoyun.

# Chapter 25

## Goal (4)

### Spear

Like before, like now, the weapon that he chose was the spear. He chose it because... it looked safe. Fighting far away, swinging like a coward. He was scared of using a knife up close. So he chose the spear.

That was the reason, but he like it. He used it for a long time. It was a difficult weapon, however.

He chose the spear his life as well. He hadn't even thought of using another one. He had no confidence to welding one, and he didn't want to abandon the Chase Soul,

Yes. He was stubborn.

His inner strength didn't carry over. Only thing he had was the experience and the understanding of spear techniques. He didn't want to abandon that. That memory was the memory of a person called Lee Sungmin living in this stupid world.

It was too hard for a 14 year body to use the spear techniques he remembered, but he was used to that. Inner strength? Because of the 20 percent from Wijihoyun and the Amethyst Cloud, he had more than before.

His spear techniques had improved at a fast rate. She gave him the basics. Not just spear techniques but other things as well.

The best thing that happened to him in his past life was Wijihoyun.

She had taught him the Amethyst Cloud, gave him her 20 percent of inner strength, gave him the High Heavens, gave him so many other things. There was no one like her in his entire past life. She never wanted anything for her help.

She was a great teacher. If she accepted, he would have been her student formally.

But she didn't. Because he was her friend.

'20 seconds.'

Before attacking 20 times, she wouldn't retaliate. The only thing that she could do was dodge or block. There was no point. 20 seconds would be useful when the two people had the same skill.

There was nothing like that between Sungmin and Wijihoyun. A huge, dominant gap was between them. So Sungmin didn't move quickly knowing that. A useless attack. A missed attack.

What was the point.

'What should i do?'

What would he attack with first. It wasn't going to hit her, but he was careful. He wanted to try his best, to try and kill her.

There were 3 attacks with the Chase Soul.

None of them were complicated attacks. All three of those were mixed in with the High Heavens.

There was no way to win with the attacks. Wijihoyun made the remixed High Heavens so she knew about all the attacks. Sungmin moved his feet. She only had her right hand up.

It was dawn. The weather was chilly.

A bird squeaked nearby on a tree.

Sh! The spear stabbed from his hand. It was the zhe that she had taught him. No, it wasn't just the regular zhe. It was the first attack of the High Heavens.

Chase Soul One Kill The one strike used all his strength and power. The spear went straight towards Wijihoyun's heart in a second.

Tap! Her hand moved. She lightly wiped her right hand and blocked the Chase Soul One Kill.

“Next.”

She muttered. Sungmin wasn't hurried. He knew that would happen. His feet moved. There was no reason to move. His spear was close enough.

‘Ah, this.’

He stabbed his spear. Stabbing. Swinging. He used all the basics that she had taught and the manual of the High Heavens. His spear technique could be called already over second rate.

But it didn't work on Wijihoyun. She only moved her right hand. Her eyes moved faster than his spear and predicted the spear strike. That was how she blocked it. Her hand was barely a 13 year old girl's, but the sharp spear didn't even wound her hand.

That was the difference. He was only a half a year into martial arts. No matter how much he learned, he was barely first rate. How about Wijihoyun. She had learned from young age with potions and help. She was young, but her experience and skill vastly surpassed his skill.

The results was done.

“...I lost.”

He muttered. The 20 seconds. He used the 20 seconds to do everything that he could.

“You did well.”

Unlike the sweating Sungmin, she didn't have any signs of tiredness. She only wiped her right hand and came close to Sungmin.

He attacked 20 times in the 20 seconds, but all of them were blocked by her right hand.

After that 20 seconds, she moved. She probably used a technique. He didn't read her technique. Just, he... could slightly feel it. Not to stay in the same place.

“That last decision was good. You used up one more second.”

A random spear strike was aimed towards Wijihoyun. She used up one more second trying to dodge that. She put her hand on his shoulder and smiled widely.

“You have good sense.”

That was a genuine compliment.

“That’s something you have, above experience and everything. You know something that you can’t see, and if you can do that, that’s already talent. Someday, that’s going to be a huge tool for you. I’m looking forward to you in 10 years.”

“...But I lost.”

“Of course. I’m the Small Pegasus. I wouldn’t lose here.

She laughed loudly. She felt relieved. Maybe it was the freedom of leaving after staying in this city for a few months. But Sungmin’s chest felt a bit stuffy.

‘It was sadness.’

He had felt that. Thinking of it, he had never had someone like this to confide to. There was no things as friends, and he didn’t have companions either. There were mercenary companions, but facing hardships and sufferings, he had never thought of the his mercenaries as companions.

There was no trust in that. Not to say friendship.

But she was different. Unlike the suspicious Sungmin, she was innocent. She was an unique person that he had ever met before. Like he was her first friend, she was his first friend.

That was why he felt sad. To be away from her. He was surprised slightly that he could feel something like this.

“Why do you have that face?”

She tilted her head and asked. Sungmin sighed and swiped the sweat.

“I feel sad.”

“Really? I feel the same way.”

She laughed. She turned around. Picking up the bag under a tree, she continued.

“It’s sad for me to leave you. I want to stay with you if I could.”

“Then you can.”

“I already told you. It’s for you, for me.’

“I understand. I’m just... complaining.”

“Haha! Aren’t you 27 in mental years? A 27 year old is complaining to a 13 year old... it sounds a bit disgusting.

Disgusting. Wasn’t that a bit too much. No, she was always like this. Her words came out too directly. And harshly.

“It’s a shame, but I have to leave. Like you have things to do, I have things to do. With this, I get to look forward to you in 10 years.”

“...Look forward?”

“Yes. I’m looking forward to it. That fight... it was too easy. Way too easy. But I was content with your skill. You did what I had hoped you would do. Especially that last strike was really good.”

“It was luck.”

“That’s up to you to make it not luck. Haha! I’m looking forward to it. Well, I’ll probably win then too.”

She laughed and swung her bag on her shoulder. He turned sullen and looked at her.

“Don’t be sad. You’ll be able to meet me in 10 years.”

“It’s too long.”

“You’re complaining again. Why. You want to copulate with me?”

She turned around and asked. Sungmin blinked a few times and looked back. Silence continued. He didn’t know what the word ‘copulate’ meant.

“Cop... what?”



“Hm. You make me repeat an embarrassing word. That is, you want to make a baby with me.”

She touched her chin and repeated herself. Sungmin’s mouth opened widely

“What, what?”

“If you don’t want. Well, I guess you’re too young for that. No, are you?”

She muttered. She was calm, but Sungmin’s face turned red. He kept opening and closing his mouth until he finally screamed.

“You don’t have anything that you can't say!”

“Haha! I’m joking. Joking. Isn’t that a joke among friends?”

“No!”

“Really? I didn’t know. It’s my first time. I’ll be a bit careful next time.

She laughed and said. She came closer to Sungmin.

“Well, it seems like a good idea if it’s you. It’s fun watching you. Yes... you should think about that for 10 years. How much my breasts will grow in 10 years.”

“I won’t!”

“Why? It doesn’t do anything. I’m curious as well. I was known as man before? Then it means that my breasts won’t grow that much... Haha! It would seem pretty fun meeting you with bigger breasts. You’ll be surprised.”

“Crazy...”

He forgot what he was going to say and muttered curse words. She went past Sungmin and tapped his shoulder.

“In 10 years. The main plaza of Tobes. 3/14. I’ll be remembering.”

“...Ok.”

“Don’t die.”

She left the words in passing.

“I won’t.”

He turned around. He could see her back leaving the inn.

“I won’t die ever.”

He muttered as if casting a spell on himself.

And so Wijihoyun left.

With a promise to meet in 10 years.



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